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VANISHED SUNLIGHT.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Walking in the shadow sombre
  How fair the golden sunshine seems,
Glowing where we tread no longer
  Save in memory or dreams.

How we question (as we linger
  With a feeling strange and new)
If the destiny about us
  Unfamiliar, yet is true.

Sparkling stream and blossoms yonder,
  Busy bird and humming bee;
Wheat, obeisance making gently,
  Gilded glimmer of the sea.

"The sunshine! Oh, the sunshine!
  Master, give its glory still!
Keep us not within the shadow
  Round about us growing chill!

Did we not in earnest praise thee
  With uplifted heart and prayer;
Can we serve thee, Master, better,
  Groping through this wood of Care?"

Restless one, let idle query
  With the One above thee rest;
Canst thou not in darkness trust him,
  He who guards the wood-bird's nest?

Pine not for the vanished sunshine,
  Think of sorrows that have been;
Of Gethsemene's dark shadow,
  Round the sinless Nazarene.

See along the aisles of twilight
  Side lights, such as painters love,
Flinging brightness all unnoticed
  While the broad sun shone above.

There are fountains cool and silent,
  Welling softly in the shade,
There are gay and merry creatures
  Of these shadows unafraid.

Birds there are that sing unlighted,
  If you will but stop to hear;
There are blossoms in the forest,
  Fragrant flowers shy and dear.

Bear up, heart, take courage newly,
  Let the vanished sunshine go;
Walk within the shadow bravely,
  Nor question why He wills it so.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER LII.

THE LAST ENDEAVOR.

On the third day of July, and the third of the complex battle of Gettysburgh, Lee having in vain assaulted the left of the Union line on the day before, determined to break through the centre, and at the same time to enlarge the hold which he had secured upon the extreme Union right, on the eastern slope of Culp's Hill. But by four in the morning Meade attacked the intrusive forces which had thus, while yesterday's battle raged on the extreme left, as it were stolen in on the right, and by eleven o'clock they were driven out, thus anticipating and defeating Lee's intention of turning the Union right.

A wonderful silence now came over the vast battlefield and brooded for the space of two hours. Birds sang again, though the ground beneath them was covered with unburied men. The rustling of leaves could be heard once more by the men who lay resting under the trees. But the very silence, that usually brings all thoughts of peace, now sharpened men's fears. It was like that dreadful calm which precedes the burst of storms. Just such it was. At one o'clock it was broken by an uproar as wonderful as had been the silence. Two hundred and thirty-five cannon joined in a clangor of death, such as had never been heard upon this continent. Lee had concentrated a hundred and forty-five guns over against the centre of Cemetery Ridge, and Meade replied with eighty guns—all that could be well placed in his narrower space. The other battle before seemed noiseless compared with this immense cannonading. The slopes of Oak Ridge and the swells upon the further side of the valley seemed on fire. Each little hill-top became a volcano. From the right, from the left, from the centre, battery upon battery, and parks of batteries flamed and thundered. The smoke rolled up white and bluish-gray, as storm-clouds lift and roll up the sides of mountains. From every direction came the flying missiles—cross-plowing Cemetery Hill with hideous furrows, in which to plant dead men. Shot flew clear over the ridge [illegible] caissons sheltered behind the hill were reached [illegible] blown up. Horses standing harnessed to [illegible]l artillery, in places before secure, were [illegible]lown. Strange was the discordant mu-[illegible] missile sounds, for which there were [illegible] that filled the air. Some went hiss-[illegible]w with muffled growl, some shook [illegible] sound like the rush of waters; [illegible] some fl[illegible]ith them an intense and malig-[illegible] a gushing [illegible] spit and sputtered in a spiteful [illegible] carried w[illegible]hirred, or whistled, or spun [illegible] howl; some [illegible] treble sounds. But whatever [illegible]nner; others [illegible]ful aerial music, all meant [illegible]eads of tenor or [illegible] meteors had burst, and [illegible] variety in this aw[illegible]hattered masses of me-[illegible]ath. If a thousand [illegible] have scarcely seemed [illegible]ch one flung down s[illegible]rain than now it did. [illegible]ric stone, it would [illegible]he roads and fields [illegible]ore like a deluge of iron [illegible] before, now rain-[illegible]derlies and aids found [illegible]ad-quarters were [illegible] the far side of the hill, sa[illegible]nother quarter. [illegible]g with bullets. Meade's he[illegible]e cleared and [illegible]ddled and his staff driven to a[illegible]unately the [illegible] half an hour all the fields we[illegible]ch. The [illegible]e men were under cover. For[illegible]tively little [illegible]nemy's artillery was elevated too [illegible] was excori-[illegible] Union soldiers escaped with compara[illegible]l-ground on [illegible]arm, while the reverse of the hill [illegible]ted with shot and shell. In the buria[illegible] the head of Cemetery Ridge, projecting toward the village of Gettysburgh, fell the iron hail, rending the graves and splintering the monuments. Flowers growing on graves were rudely picked by hurtling iron. Soldiers who had fallen at Fair Oaks, and had been brought here for burial, far away from all thought of battle, in this quiet Pennsylvania vale, were still pursued by war, which rudely tore up their graves; and they heard again the thunder of battle swelling above these resting-places, where, it would seem, they should have found quiet.

When it had thundered and rained iron for more than two hours, there came moving across the valley fifteen thousand men to take possession of that ridge! As they moved from afar the Union artillery smote them; but they did not heed it. As they drew near, still rent by shot and shell,—earnest, eager, brave,—there burst upon their right flank a fire of musketry and artillery that quite crumpled up and swung back their men upon their centre. Next, their left wing was utterly riddled and routed by the sharpness of the musketry; and what part was not captured fled and escaped. But the massive centre, with men as brave as ever faced death, stern, headlong, pushed right up to Hancock's lines, and across them, but could come no farther! Like a ship whose impetus carries it far up upon a shoal, from which it cannot recede when it would, several brigades had shot, by the terrible momentum, so far up, that when from the slopes of the cemetery, and from the artillery on Meade's left wing, they were enfiladed, while Hancock, with fresh brigades drawn from his left, met them in front with a fire that pierced like a flame, they yielded themselves up. They had gotten the hill for which they came, but not as victors. The rest shrunk, driven backward, sharply raked with artillery and scorched with sheets of musketry, got them out of the battle, and fled across the valley to their lines, whence they should come no more out hitherward. Many that longed to go with them lay with pitiful wounds. A thousand that an hour before were fierce in ambitious expectation, now and never more cared what befell them, nor what happened under the sun! When the sun went down on that 3d of July, the Union army, a mighty sufferer in more than twenty thousand slain and wounded men, yet had never such cause of rejoicing for the coming anniversary day as now, when all those thousands of men joyfully had died or suffered wounds to preserve that nation's life whose birthday is celebrated on the Fourth of July!

The morning of Saturday, the 4th of July, rose fair over Gettysburgh. Ewell's corps of Lee's army withdrew from the town and Howard's troops immediately took possession.

There was great joy throughout the Union army. Officers congratulated each other; the men were raised to the proudest exultation. The Army of the Potomac, the victim of misfortunes, but always a model of indomitable patience, had at length met their great antagonist in a long and severe fight, and thoroughly defeated him. While all were exhilarated with the immediate victory, the thoughtful men of the army experienced a deeper gladness in the prescience of the scope of this victory in its relation to public affairs. The climax was reached. Henceforward the Confederate cause was subject to decline, weakness and extinction.

The work of burying the dead engaged large details of soldiers. The wounded were sought out more assiduously. Lee having withdrawn his right wing from before Round Top and concentrated his whole force on the hills over against Gettysburgh, there could be no danger in going over on the field of battle. Relief parties were busy. Among the rocks of Round Top and Devil's Den wounded men were found in fissures, slid down into gaping chasms, and in the black seams, pits and caves which abounded in that savage tangle of giant rocks. But it is probable that many wounded died unsuccored in those dark spaces, and that the bones of many yet lie buried but unsepulchred, with the huge rocks around them as stones of hiding rather than of memorial.

The farm-houses were filled with wounded; barns were filled; the fields were as full as, in a few days, they would have been of sheaves of the wheat which had been so strangely threshed by the feet of wounded men. The town was full; all the sheltered spots and nooks were full. A large number of the enemy's wounded, particularly of the last day's battle, remained upon the field; the total was swelled to an extraordinary aggregate. This little hamlet of a few hundred people had become a great city of wounded men.

The tidings of the battle spreading through the land had begun already to bring hither those who had sons in the fight. As fast as trains could be despatched, those of the wounded who could be transported were sent away to various cities, for better care. The horror of the scene was much alleviated by the cheerfulness of the wounded. As soon as their wounds had been dressed, and they were placed in comfortable circumstances, those not desperately hurt grew quite talkative and even merry. The women of Gettysburgh, and the wives of the farmers living in the region, devoted themselves to the care of the sufferers with heroic devotion. But the stolid farmers and men of the district round about the town, manifested neither patriotism nor humanity, practicing every extortion, and wringing out money for a drop of water given to the wounded men who had fallen in the defence of their homes and lives!

There are no contrasts more striking than those between human feeling and the moods of the atmosphere. On this fourth day of July a joyous sun arose over the most sorrowful scene that it could well look upon. Three days had converted a peaceful valley into a Golgotha. No form of injury which the human body can receive was wanting. The ingenuity of nature in the production of life is not greater than the ingenuity of death in the destruction of life. Leaves and flowers are not more varied in form than were wounds. From the crown of the head to the sole of the feet, there was not a point in the human body which had not been pierced. The wildest caprice had revelled in singularities of effects. Men received a mere scratch of a glancing ball, and the shock overthrew their nervous system. Another, with wounds on every limb, the lungs pierced, bones broken, the



[A LETTER FROM BARTON.]

head torn, trampled on by men, run over by artillery, stabbed, shot, hacked, bruised, even up by surgeons, still clung to life and climbed back again to health! The fields [illegible] harvests of suffering men. The sun [illegible] and shined upon them as if they were [illegible]ds of yellow wheat. Their tremblings and [illegible] kings were to nature only as the quivering of leaves in the frolicsome wind; their groans and sighs passed for no more than the singing of birds or the low moaning of the pines.

The morning seemed an emblem of victory to the unwounded and exultant soldiers. They said: "The sun triumphs! Nature exults! The heavens and the earth rejoice with us!"—But how was it to the wounded man—too weak to turn away his face from the sun which shone full upon it with blistering heat? How was it with hundreds of parents and friends, wandering up and down through all the vast field in search of some child, brother, lover? What mockery of grief was it, as the mother sat down by the corpse of her only son, that the heavens cared not, that it spread its brilliant arch without sympathy for aught below it, and that the heartless sun marched on over anguish, desolation and despair, as if this had been, not a battle, but a banquet.

Could a pitiful God look down through the air on such a scene and not fill and change the air with his sympathy to a soberer hue? Alas! this great field of war was but a point, a mere punctuation point of blood, in the history of that world which groans and travails in pain until now! As the midwife, in the throes and groans of the mother, heeds not the pain, but waits for the child that shall bring joy out of woe, so we must needs think the Merciful heeds not the forms of suffering, but looks beyond, at the blessings wrought by them! When at last account shall be taken of all the blood that has been shed and of all the tears that have fallen, then the most wonderful name of God will be, THE LONG SUFFERING!

And God has taught the Sun to see beyond and through the beginnings of things to their ends.

For the sun forever sees life and not death. It beholds in the revolution of the sod, not the roots that die, but the harvests which shall spring from their death. Death is but the prophet of life. The evil is but for a moment. The benefit runs through the whole season. What if twenty thousand wounded men lie groaning here? It is the price of a nation's life! The instruments of their great conflict were carnal, but its fruits spiritual.

War plowed the fields of Gettysburgh, and planted its furrows with men. But, though the seed was blood, the harvest shall be peace, concord, liberty, and universal intelligence. For every groan here, a hundred elsewhere ceased. For every death now, a thousand lives shall be happier. Individuals suffered; the nation revived!

Shine on, oh Sun! that beholdest evermore the future! Thou wilt not, glorious Eye of Hope,—ever looking at the ends,—be veiled or mourn because the ways are rough through which God sends universal blessings!

I cannot say that such thoughts as these passed through the mind of Rose Wentworth on this glorious morning after victory. But had some one thought aloud such thoughts, she would have been in full and instant sympathy with them. There was a latent sense of the great mercy to the nation of this victory which lifted her above the mere sight of the eyes, and instead of being depressed with the vast sacrifice spread around her, she had an instinct of its meaning, and a calm and peaceful gladness. She had need to have it.

"I wonder where Pete is?" said Agate Bissell, as it drew toward noon. "I have not seen him this morning. He ought to be here and tell us about Barton."

"There comes Hiram," said Rose, "he will do as well. What a brave fellow Hiram is! He has shown more courage, and performed more work, too, in succoring the wounded, than if he had carried a musket. All the brave men are not in the ranks."

Something disquieted Hiram Beers this morning. He had little to say and seemed fidgetty. He picked up things only to lay them down, and worked without any purpose. At last, he gave way:

"'Tain't no use, Rose; you may's well know it fust as last. I've got a letter for you from Barton, and I expect it's the last one you'll ever git from him."

Rose stopped, and, raising herself to her full height, looked fixedly and even commandingly upon Hiram.

"Hiram, has Barton fallen?"

"I don't know; I'm afraid so. I can't find nothin' of him. Pete's gone; nobody's seen him to-day. Barton's officers say they saw him fall in a charge yesterday, and that he didn't come back with his men, and that he must be dead. But we've hunted everywhere for his body and can't find it. I was up there the night before the last battle. He said something would happen to him in that fight. He felt it. He told me to wait till he wrote this letter. If he got out safe, I was to bring it back to him; but if he was killed, I was to give it to you."

Rose took the letter, and read:

"I have a presentiment, Rose, that something will befall me to-morrow. If you receive these lines I shall have fallen, and my words will be forgiven as of one dead. Rose, I have vainly tried to conquer that love which has so taken possession of my life as to overcome all other feelings. As early as I can remember I loved you. It has grown with my manhood. It is a part of my being! Not to love you would be not to be myself. When I told you all this, on leaving home, I had hoped for some sympathy; I plead for only a word. My letter was not answered or noticed. Perhaps your silence was best. It was hard to bear. If I could have ceased loving, I could have conquered the pain of that refusal which you gave by silence. It will not be a trouble to you any longer to know that a heart has loved you beyond every other thing. My latest, strongest feeling, Rose, is love for you! My last wishes and prayers invoke blessings on you! I go toward darkness; but there is a light beyond. In Heaven, oh Rose! in Heaven I shall meet you, and say, I love thee! without fear or repulse.

"BARTON CATHCART."

Rose stood silent and motionless. Amazement, sorrow and joy filled her heart. She whispered to herself:

"He loved me! He loved me always!—best!—to the last! He told me of it! When? *what* letter! There has been some dreadful mistake! This is his writing—this is Barton's writing!—and here it is written down: '*My latest, strongest feeling, Rose, is love for you!*' And he will never know that I loved him more! Noble soul, if thou art in heaven, God will tell thee how thou art loved!—And he wrote to me! wrote to tell me all this when first leaving Norwood? Where is that treacherous letter that did not fulfil its message?"

Rose called to Alice. There was something in her manner so high and commanding, that Alice scarcely believed that this was Rose. She had never seen her in a mood of such exaltation.

"Alice, my sister, Barton has left us!" Alice could not look paler than she already was, but a ghastly, ashen hue came over the white of her fair face. "Read this, Alice.—Can you not? Let me read it to you."

With a firm, low voice, Rose read every word without faltering. Barton's words of love seemed to inspire her soul. There was a triumphantness in the gentlest of her tones that showed that sorrow had in it an overmastering joy.

Alice looked upon Rose with wonder.

In a low and solemn way, with a wondering, inquiring look, she said:

"I cannot understand you! It all seems dreadful to me! God is full of anger toward us both."

"Alice, God loves us both! Oh, I know not what joy that would have been, of loving, had Barton lived and loved me, when even in death it is so full of joy and thrilling. I am more glad than sorrowful. He loved me! loved me always! loved me to the end! My heart sings; only my eyes weep! Come, Alice, let not people see us."

They walked along the edges of the woods. Again the little birds were singing,—the melancholy pee-wee, the pine-warbler, the vireo. They came to Heywood's grave. The sun shone brightly upon it. Already some one had transplanted, from the edges of the wood, clumps of flowers.

Poor Alice, tears running down her cheeks, turned to Rose:

"Oh, Rose, tell me how to feel as you do! My heart was sunk down so low that there is no more light for me! I have envied the dead around me. I want to go. God does not love me enough to let me die!"

"Alas, Alice, grief poisons you! me it cheers. I am glad that I suffer. Death has divided you from your lover; but has given mine to me. Barton's death has made him mine. Oh, noble soul! oh, heavenly hero! oh, spirit walking free in glory!—death, that separates others, unites us. I am thine! I am henceforth wedded till thou come for me! Oh, Alice, why should I be sad? My heart is with him. My thoughts walk with him. My life is lifted up higher than sorrows ever fly!"

"Oh, Rose, you make me feel worse than ever. You seem gone away from me. I cannot follow you. When he fell, the whole world fell too, to me. I cannot see any thing that is bright. I do not love any body now—nor you, nor father, nor mother, nor myself. Oh, my heart is very angry. God is cruel, Rose!—I will speak it. God is cruel to me—very cruel. I don't want to live; and, if I were to die, *he* would not love me *there!*"

Rose was drawn down from her own high thoughts by Alice's childlike outburst of sorrow.

"My sister, I *am* sorry. I am more sorry for you than for myself. You do not know what you say that you love nothing. Your heart is like a bird driven into the woods by a thunder storm. By and by it will sing again. But I know that God loves you, or he would not so afflict you. All this black will be white by and by. Be brave, and resist the selfishness of sorrow."

"Rose, I am not selfish. I shall give my whole life away for others. I was not selfish. I did not ask great happiness for myself. I only wanted him to love me enough to let me love him. I would not have troubled him. I could have kept trouble from him, and helped him a little, and loved when I could stand a little way off and look at him. He would never love me as Barton loved you, Rose. Oh, you will never know all of that! But if after a great while he should say, 'Alice, I am always happier when you are by me,' oh, Rose, the angels in the resurrection will say nothing so sweet as that would be! But he will never say it now!"

Rose caught at Barton's name.

"Did Barton confide his feelings to you, Alice?"

"Yes, he did. No, he did not. I mean I knew them without his saying anything. And I am sure he knew mine. And we both knew that the other knew all; and so when he would say a few words and stop, I knew all the rest."

"It is strange—very strange—that Barton did not speak."

"It is stranger that you should have needed to have him. If *he* had been near me, as Barton was near you, and felt as Barton did, I should have known it, just as I know the morning is come when it floods my window with light."

Rose mused a moment:

"My time had not come. I was like one who hears sounds in his sleep and turns them all into the fabric of his dream. Surely I knew! and yet I knew not. It was like seed sown before the ground is warm. But the summer floods me now. Every seed is a blossom!"

They sat for awhile, silent and thoughtful; then Alice pointed to a clump of columbines that blossomed by the edge of a rock.

"Rose, you are like those flowers, and trouble seems to move you as the wind does them, only to show the sparkle of the sunlight with every motion. I am like the shadow which they cast upon the rock, that perishes by night, and is but a shadow all day."

Rose still fell off into musing—often talking to herself in a low tone, or half whisper, as one who chants a forming poem to weigh its words.

"Oh, my soul, thou art crowned to-day! Oh, death, that hast taken his presence from me, thou hast given me his heart! In one moment I am bereaved and wedded,—I am cast down and exalted! Barton, thou didst all thy life love me—without response? I, too, all my life will love thee, alone and unrequited!"

Rose took Alice to her bosom and kissed her, with a strange and solemn tenderness which brought tears from her eyes. But Rose neither wept nor was sad.

"Alice, did you know that Barton had written me?"

"I did."

"Why did you never mention it? Was it sisterly? I knew not of it. No letter has ever come to me from Barton. I was sad and dark that he went away forgetting or caring little for his childhood friend."

"I was not permitted, Rose. Barton solemnly enjoined silence; upon my honor I was not to mention his secret."

"Oh, Alice, this is a day of great joy, and sorrow cannot reach to it, nor pluck it down."

"I can only see grief upon grief. *He* is gone, and Barton is gone. I would that I, too, were gone."

"Poor Alice—dear Alice—if only Heywood would speak to you out of the air, or coming in the vision of the night, saying, 'I do wholly love thee, Alice,' would you not triumph over grief?"

Alice shuddered with intensity of feeling.

"Yes!—if I might know that he loved me, and would always love me, I would go through a thousand years of sorrow and be glad all the way! But, oh, Rose, Rose, he did not love me. It was you—not me."

And Alice wept like a little child. Rose comforted her as a mother comforts her child, and, withdrawing her from thoughts of herself, Rose, half to Alice and half to herself, went on:

"At last I am free. No more checking. No more self-deceiving. No more suffering and misnaming of one's deepest life. No more shame for the heart's best fruit. I am beloved

—and I love! I almost wish it were known. I would that men could see it on my brow, and read it in my eyes. I would that all that knew him, when they behold me, might say, 'See how his love covers her as with a queen's garment!' I would have such gladness in my eyes that men should say, 'His love is like a crowning flame about her head!'"

"Oh, Rose, I do not understand you. I cannot rise as you do. My heart is heavy, my soul is dark, my life is gone out. I dare not murmur, but I cannot submit. I was not called, and yet I loved. Great is my punishment."

"Mourn not, Alice! It is noble to love with an unsullied love! Not those who love are poor, but those who do not. He was poorer that knew not how to love you, than you, whom God made wise to love greatly and divinely. As for me, this is the day of my espousals. I will sing of sorrow now all the days of my life. Since God has taken him into heaven, he will send over all things that the heavens cover, something of his nobleness and honor. The sun shall be brighter to me for his sake; the earth, and all that grows upon it, shall have new meaning, now; and every sound that the ear loves to hear shall be to me a part of his voice, saying, 'Rose, I love thee!'"

The clouds had been silently gathering in the sky. First a haze, then films that grew thicker, and a gray tint in the sunlight that changed rapidly toward dark, until soon the whole heaven was sheeted, and rain began to fall; at first gently, but with increasing quantity, until it poured abundantly.

Great battles are said to bring on rain storms. A great rain certainly set in on Saturday after the battle. Rock Creek, that had been so shallow that it was easily crossed by the men upon the stones, without wetting their feet, began now to show signs of uneasiness. The water grew discolored. It began to gather volume. One familiar stone after another silently disappeared. It grew more restless, and began to send down flecks of foam. It filled up the edges, clear up to the banks. It still rose as evening came on. That modest, little stream had become surly and despotic. With headlong will it swept all before it, and its usual gentleness was lost in its turbulent rush and roar. But the hospital lay upon both banks of this stream. As the darkness came on, it was plain that the men must be removed. No time was to be lost. Already the stream had reached the wounded. Those who could help themselves climbed the steep slope a little further inland, to which the surgeons began to remove the men. All was haste. Whatever help could be got was impressed. Men with stretchers were busy carrying the badly wounded. With all their effort, two or three, overtaken by the merciless water, were swept away and drowned. When morning came, a raging torrent divided the surgeons, some upon the further bank being unable for hours to cross to the hospital field. The bridge on the Baltimore pike was overflowed, its planks lifted and floated away. The whole night was one of toil and anxiety.

With the morning came joy to Rose. On the second day of the battle word had been telegraphed to the northern cities for surgical aid. The enormous accumulation of wounded men, of union and rebels, overtaxed the exertions of the medical corps. To this summons speedily came many scores of men eminent in their profession, for a short service in the field, and among them Dr. Wentworth. Although he arrived on Saturday, it was not until Sunday afternoon that Rose met her father—and then she had to search for him. For, not waiting even to brush the dust from his clothes, nor for food, Dr. Wentworth, within half an hour after reaching Gettysburgh, was established and at work. Nor for two days and two nights did he rest for an hour. Such were the necessities of the occasion, that with the most heroic energy and perseverance of the regular surgeons of the army, working night and day, and with all the help which they received from volunteers from the profession abroad, it was three or four days before the first round was completed. In some of the field hospitals the wounded were treated as they came, without regard to the side to which they belonged. In other hospitals the Union soldiers were treated first, and in one case three or four hundred rebel wounded waited in a barn some three days before our surgeons could reach their cases. But, then, the reaction had set in, their nervous systems were prostrated, and they could not endure the operations necessary. Almost every man died. A strange fatality attended some hospitals. In some places almost every wound led to lockjaw, and every attack proved fatal. Some hospitals were more deadly than the battle-field. Of seven hundred men, in one case, who bid fair at first to recover, scarcely a hundred survived. The poison generated by sickness and wounds when vast numbers of men are clustered closely in disadvantageous circumstances is of frightful malignancy. Men fall away like leaves in an October day when east winds strike the trees!

Among the memorials and monuments, the eulogies and honors so deservedly bestowed upon the soldiers and officers of the army, some place should be found, not second, for the medical gentlemen, who, as a body, illustrated the highest virtues of patriotism and humanity in their extraordinary zeal and labor. Often much exposed to fire, conversant with fatigue as great as could be endured, brought face to face with all that is horrible and depressing in war, working against insuperable obstacles, maintaining a desperate fight against death, without those almost supernatural excitements which carry men through battles, the surgeons of the army deserve to be ranked with the foremost soldiers. Not a whit less is due to that noble army of nurses who, without fee or reward, devoted themselves unweariedly, from the beginning of the war to the end, to the sick and wounded soldiers, and to the social and moral improvement of those that were well. It is computed that first and last two thousand women, during the war, left homes of refinement and comfort, accepted every hardship of the field and the march, of the camp and of the hospital, with a heroism not surpassed by the soldiers. Women carried with them the inspiration of love and duty, and brought to the camp the remembrances of home, to the hospital the softer graces of humanity, and everywhere a spirit of self-sacrifice and fidelity, that shone like a rainbow upon a scowling cloud of war.

It seems fit, therefore, that among the testimonies of a nation's gratitude some recognition should be given to this rear-guard of humanity! At least it would be a wise and comely act for the Government of this Nation, in the Capital, to rear a monument, and inscribe it

TO
THE HEROIC SURGEONS AND THE NOBLE WOMEN
WHO
LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR THE NATION!

CHAPTER LIII.

THE MOUNTAIN COVERT.

The tidings which Hiram Beers brought to Barton's friends will require us to go back a day or two, and to trace the events connected with Barton Cathcart's fate.

No one who saw the calmness and cheerfulness with which Barton awaited the famous charge of Pickett upon the left centre of the Union lines, on Friday afternoon, would dream that he was sad or foreboding. It was not the darkness of despondency or pain. Coming events seemed to him to cast their shadows over him. But there was in this very premonition a cordial. The settled certainty gave calmness, and his Christian hope gave him cheerfulness.

The night before he had, as we have already learned, entrusted Hiram with a message, and he also had made every arrangement with Pete, to secure to his friends the few effects which might become precious in their sight. Pete, though not a fighting character, was made brave in exigencies by his fidelity. He took good care of his own person, unless General Cathcart was in danger; then he almost lost sense of his own peril in his anxiety for his master.

When the grand charge of Pickett's corps had almost expended its force, there was concentrated upon its overtasked ranks such a fire, on either flank and in the front, as no mortal men might endure. Hundreds dropped their muskets and fell flat upon the ground to escape the sweep of fire. A thousand men were captured. The enemy retired sullenly, fighting from point to point, broken up into small bodies. The utter destruction of this, the flower of Lee's army, might have been accomplished had Meade possessed reserves of fresh troops. As it was, several brilliant charges were made, and in all several thousand prisoners captured. It was in such a charge that Barton Cathcart was first severely wounded in the thigh, and then, separated from his men, he found himself surrounded with Confederate soldiers, and borne away in the whirl of the retreating masses. At first, he sought to break through and regain his own side, but a bayonet thrust through the right arm still further disabled him, and he was swept away across the valley, and in half an hour, was within Lee's lines. He was speedily sent to the rear. He lay all night in the open fields, suffering much from his wounds, and musing with some surprise upon his case. Was this, then, all that the presentiment meant? Was it only wounds and captivity, and not death?

But, though at first he felt this relief, every hour of the night, while he pictured to himself the fate of prisoners in southern prisons, increased the feeling that he had escaped death for a worse fate.

When the morning dawned on Saturday, July 4, his spirits had fallen low. The excitement of battle was over. Just before the dawn came that utter sinking of the spirits which those in trouble so well know. It would seem as if between dark and dawn there was a space, measured by an hour of time, through which the globe moved, infested with malign spirits, that jibe and tempt the weary heart and ride it to the uttermost.

He could not sleep. He could not keep awake. He vibrated wretchedly between waking and sleeping. His head was enough unsettled to make his sleep seem spectral and his waking ghastly. It was out of one of his painful moments of delirious sleep that he woke thinking he heard his name called. There by his side stood Pete. Barton thought at first that it was only another vision of dreams. He looked at him without speaking. But he was not long left in doubt. Pete was overjoyed to be again at his side.

"Why, Pete—is it really *you*?" said Barton, putting his hands upon his brawny arm, to make sure.

"Yez, sir, it's me—'taint nobody else. I guess I owns them feet," said Pete, extending a foot which would answer for a small boat; the shoe, at any rate, suggesting some such idea.

"How in the world did you get here? did you drop down? I thought it was a dream. I've had a good many this morning—but this is the best dream yet."

"Wal, as soon as you didn't come back, I thought somethin' had to be done, and I kind o' went down to look arter ye, and they cotched me, and then they axed me who I was, and I told 'em my name was Pete. And they said who did I belong to, and I told 'em I was a free nigger, and took care of Gineral Cathcart, and they larfed considerable, and so they brought me to jest the right place, for the very fust thing I seed this mornin' was you."

All day Lee was sending back his trains, his wounded and prisoners. Cathcart was dispatched about noon. It soon began raining. Pete was never a moment away from Barton's side. As the ambulance in which he was conveyed approached the pass through the South Mountain, Pete grew cheerful. It was evident that he purposed something unusual. He said in a low tone to Barton, at a time when the guards were a little in advance—"Gineral, I s'pose you'd jest as lieve git away from these fellers, if you could?"

"There's no chance, Pete. Don't you see the guards on every side?"

"But I want you to be ready, and if I see a chance, you must be spry, as spry as you kin with that leg."

A heavy rain was now descending. The road was much choked up, and the trains moved with difficulty. It grew rapidly dark. Either side of the pass was rugged and wild. Pete carried himself in a dull and plodding way, as if he had not a thought in his head. Yet he was watching sharply the soldiers, the character of the ground, where it rose steeply, where ravines on the right or left showed openings. About eight o'clock some interruption at the front caused a halt and a little confusion. One or two shots were heard in the distance. Some one said that the pass, ahead, was in possession of the Union troops. The guards near the ambulance stepped forward for a moment to speak with their commander. Pete looked cautiously about, without turning his head. There were no soldiers within several rods.

To the right, as nearly as he could discover, the rocks did not rise precipitously; but there seemed some kind of opening. In fact, a small stream descended and crossed the road not far below them, and it was some damage to the rude bridge that had checked the column.

Seizing the favorable moment, Pete came to the rear of the ambulance, silently, and reached in his long arm. He gave Barton one or two emphatic twitches, as much as to say:

"Now is your time."

As fast as his wounded leg would allow, Barton worked his body toward the back of the vehicle. No sooner had his legs hung down from it than Pete, turning his back to his master, took Barton on his shoulders and darted instantly into the thicket. His movement was not a moment too soon. The driver, seeing his prisoner gone, cried out. The soldiers, catching a glimpse of Pete, fired upon him, and several of them dashed after him. But at each step the thicket became so difficult that pursuit was soon given up, and the prisoners escaped. But a shot had reached its mark. Entering Barton's side just above his loins, the bullet had traversed the inner walls of the abdomen, and came out at the front.

Every step now grew more difficult. The mountain laurel in spots formed such barriers that it could not well be penetrated. The sound of the stream drew Pete toward it, and he groped his way, sometimes in it, sometimes along its rough and rocky edge; at other times, turned away from the stream by some insuperable obstacle, he plunged again into the thicket. Barton grew faint, and would fain have stopped; but Pete determined to reach some retreat that was at once safe and of better accommodations. The chances seemed poor. The heavy spruce boughs swept in their faces, shaking off showers of drops, which could scarcely add to their discomfort, for they were drenched to the skin already. None but Pete could have proceeded a step in such gloom of night, dark by reason of clouds, and still darker by the overshading trees of this mountain forest. But, though Pete often stumbled, was frequently stopped, and with incredible labor, got along but a little way, yet his great strength enabled him to hold out as few but he could have done, and by some instinct he contrived to keep his direction. For an hour he had toiled on. At length the side of the brook seemed smoother. But it ended suddenly against almost precipitous rocks. The way seemed effectually shut up, unless he could find a path by the channel of the brook itself. Carefully laying his burden down, Pete descended to the stream and followed it up. He found that it now issued from a sort of gatewa', by a series of cascades, which were quite shallow, and that the ascent was at an inclination which made it scarcely more difficult than a)air of stairs. Returning to Barton, he bore hin carefully up the steep channel; and, at its top finding the brook more level, he judged that he ad reached nearly to the summit of the hills, an that he might find a more accessible path on its b.nks. There seemed no forest on either hand. Mving away from the stream, and groping along a kind of gravelly bed in search of higher grnd that should not be affected by the overflo of the stream that might be expected, should he rain continue all night, Pete, at length, realed some shelving rocks, which furnished nt only an elevation above the stream but a paral shelter also. Here he gladly laid Barton dow: Finding that hemlock boughs were hangig over him, Pete broke off an arm-full ofhem to furnish his master with something soer than a rock.

The hours passed slow and gloomily. Barton could not sleep from e pain of his wounds. Pete was sleepless from axiety about his charge. The rain at times slacked. Once Pete could discern the clouds abovgrowing thinner and letting through a faint lit from the moon. Midnight passed, although ty could not determine the time. The rains roubled their violence. Little rills, formed abo them, trickled down from the rocks. The ream began to sound angrily. Pete's ear, alivto every sound, noticed with alarm the change om the shrill sound of shallow water rushingver rocks to a deeper tone, as if the stream we growing to a torrent. The roar became morertentous. Pete peered anxiously from his lurg place into the darkness. Nothing coulde see. Another hour passed, another hour pain to Barton, but of alarm to Pete. The fhful soul would not impart his alarm to his aster. He said to himself, "Gosh-a-beely ! n't I wish it was light! I don't like this pla—I don't now. May be we've got trapped!" lis thoughts reverted to the ravine at Norwo where Heywood had received his fall. Sho this be such another, a mere chamber in the ks, it might suddenly be filled by the rising tent and become a rock-bound reservoir. I listened! Could it be that he was hearing water just beneath him? It seemed so. Yet e roar of the stream had risen to such a pitcl sound as well nigh to drown all other sou. He reached down his foot, and drew it upain quickly. The stream *was* rushing along ftly by the very rocks on which they lay! Iwaited a half hour, and sounded again. T distance was lessening! The water was risin He moved cautiously—first in one directiand then in another—to find on every side t they were shut in! A horror began to fill e's soul. He had brought Barton hither to bowned! Once alarmed, he had no resourcereflection to restrain and moderate it. The r fellow wept. Speak he would not, for fearalarming Barton, though he might have sho without danger of being heard in the thun f the cataract!

He reached hi[illegible] over to see if the water was rising, [illegible] his horror it was even then lapping t[illegible] verge of the rock. The foam flitted pa[illegible] hime specks of faint light. It struck hi[illegible] that had seen no foam before! It must be [illegible] toward morning! Oh, if it were be[illegible] o be drowned in darkness, to be caugh[illegible] ts in a trap, and made way with, when [illegible] aps, if one could only see, there might [illegible] way of escape hardly a step off! Poor P gained a slight hope from the very sight of waters. But the morning rose slowly and t waters rose fast. It must be soon or neve

The light ded, at length. Pete began to see the wallsock on either side. About two hundred yaup, the stream came pelting down with amendous plunge, and with that massive movnt that indicates great depth of water. Acrfrom side to side, the chamber of rocks wasd by the stream, which was still hastening w, madly, toward the ledge over which Pete ascended.

The rock which they were perched had fallen out of walls on that side, being sprung from their inal place by the frosts. The place was ole from which they had been moved. It like a huge step in the side of the cliff, six feet above their heads. Could that reached, immediate danger, at least, woul over. From the crevices of the rock grewie shrubs; but an old hemlock, that seeme if it had once had the rheumatism, whicl all its joints swollen and twisted, projected the sides of the rocks, almost at right angl To catch the boughs and swing himself ine tree, to spring from it upon the rocks whae block upon which Barton lay had once , was but the work of a moment. But how t Barton there? He could help himself bry little.

The neas pressing. The water was running clear the surface of the rock. Pete descendelped Barton to his feet, placed him in a selecpot, then springing again into the hemlock, reaching down, he took Barton under thpits and drew him up upon the trunk. tree quivered. Should its roots give wayas over with them! Pete did not wait forection. It was this or nothing. The harfeat was yet to do. Moving back along thnk, he came to the point least distant froe rock. Seizing Barton with his left armnade one bound into which he put every pe of his strength, reached the edge of the wavered, reeled, and fell, but fell forward was safe at last!

[E CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LIGION A BENEVOLENCE.

How tiful is that religion which teaches to love above all things, and my neighbor as mys Religion is benevolence, and benevolecludes every virtue. The benevolent ca be uncharitable, cannot be unfaithful, cabe censorious, cannot be impure in act or ht, cannot be selfish: they love God and theighbors, and they do as they would be dor But who is religious? who is benevolwho is at all times pure in thought and deed? is at all times free from censoriousness, uncharitableness? None. No, not one. precepts taught us as those on which "hanthe law and the prophets," *the love of God he love of our neighbor*, may be impresson the heart and have the whole undividsent of the understanding; while the mind this state, the individual is religious. But tres of the world must at times occupy the fits, and its jarring collisions, and divert lind from this wholesome state. The passwhich have been cherished by bad educatioe indulgences that have become habitufore the beauty of wisdom was percelvhe thousand and ten thousand occurrenhich tempt the rich to uncharitablenes the poor to envy and malice, all by turnish the truth from the mind.

AUTUMN BLOSSOMS.

How was it that I came to be an old bachelor? Not because of hating women, I am sure, for I liked them very much, and never could have spoken to one rudely or discourteously for my life. As nearly as I know, it was in this wise:

Father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a dollar. He had never saved anything.

So, after the first great grief, when we had calmed down and were able to look matters quietly in the face, there was a wretched sort of prospect for us. I was only an accountant, and had a young fellow's habit of wasting my small salary in a thousand different ways. I had been "paying attention," too, to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish as she was, had a way that some girls *do* have of leading their admirers into extravagance. Of all the trials of that never to be forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing niggardly in those baby blue eyes. I did not mind wearing plain business suits, discarding kid gloves, and renouncing the opera; but not to lay those bouquets, and books, and ice-creams, and dainty bits of jewelry, and multitudinous invitations at Elsie's feet, was a very terrible ordeal. I passed it, though; and if ever man had reason to be thankful I had, for the acquisitive little beauty jilted me in a month for Tom Tandem, who was rich and lavish of gifts, and who eloped from her, after a marriage of ten months, with a singer at the opera.

I worked day and night, and managed to keep the pot boiling and to drive the wolf from the door—the gaunt wolf, Poverty, who howled a good deal about the house at first, and seemed inclined to make a meal of us.

Sometimes I used to think how well it was for Elsie that she had not really loved me, for she could have had nothing but a dismal prospect of wearing out her youth in a dreary, hopeless engagement to one too poor to marry. That was until Tom ran off. Then I thought it would have been even better for her to have shared our humble home and poor fare and the love I could have given her, than to be deserted so. And I pitied her, as if she had not proved herself heartless. But I never went near her, of course, and I never even spoke of her to my mother.

I grew no younger all this while, and every year seemed to add five to my looks. I had never been very handsome or very merry, and soon I became conscious of a peculiar middle-aged look, which settles down upon some people very early.

Strangers, too, began to take me for the head of the family; and once, in a new neighborhood, the butcher alluded to "my wife." I found out that he meant my mother, and only wondered that it was not dear old grannie.

She was eighty, grandfather ninety, and they died one bright Thanksgiving day, before prosperity came to us—died within an hour of each other—for grannie just said:

"I think I'll lie down a bit, now Lemuel don't need me. I'm very tired."

Then she kissed me, and said:

"You've been a good boy to your grandpa, Edward. You'll have that to think of."

And when next we looked at her she was dead, with her cheek upon her hand like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before. And then Jean, my eldest sister, married at sixteen a clergyman, who carried her off to Hindostan in her honeymoon.

And we could none of us feel the wedding a happy thing.

But prosperity did come at last. I had worked hard for it, and anything a man makes his sole object in this life he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable—easy. Ah, what a word that is after years of struggle. At last we were rich. But by that time I was five-and-forty—a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures. The girls were married. Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so, and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member of our family, and just two-and-twenty. And it was on his birth-day, I remember, that that letter came to me from poor Hunter—that letter which began:

"When these lines reach you, Ned Sanford, I shall have my six feet of earth—all I ever owned, or would if I had lived to be an hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I; and we had been close friends once, but a roving fit had seized him and we had not met for years. I knew he had married a young Southern girl, and knew no more, but now he told me that she was dead and that his death would leave a daughter an orphan.

"She is not quite penniless," he wrote; "for her mother had a little income, which, poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss all my life, and we have never staid long enough in one place to make friends. Will you be her guardian? It is a dying man's last request——"

And then he wrote some words, coming from his heart, I knew, which, being of myself, I cannot quote even here—I could not think that I deserved them.

And the result of that letter, and of another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me on board of a great steamer which lay at rest after her voyage in the protecting arms of great New York, with two little hands in mine and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa," and of how much he had spoken of me, and of the lovely voyage, and the green graves left behind, and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling toward her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any other.

Not to Elsie Hall. It was not the boyish love-dream come again.

Analyzing the emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill; and I said to myself—This is as a father must feel to a daughter; I can be a parent to George Hunter's child in very truth. And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother. I thought only of those; somehow I never thought of Ashton.

Shall I ever forget how she brightened the sombre rooms! How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home and the long hours of the evening seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life. I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Olive Hunter—to listen to her pure contralto as she joined in the singing. Sometimes I caught her eye, her great unfathomable brown, for she had a habit of looking at me. Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim? I used to ask myself.

Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.

"Great Heavens! how lovely she is!" he had said to me.

"She *is* very pretty," I replied.

Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said; and I felt conscious that my cheek flushed and felt angry that he should have spoken of me thus, though I had never cared before.

They liked each other very much—those two young things. They were together a great deal. A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset. He a fair-haired, blue-eyed, English-looking youth; she so exquisitely dark and glowing.

Every one liked her. Even my old clerk, Stephen Hadley, used to say her presence lit the office more than a dozen lamps, the nearest approach to a poetical speech of which old Stephen was ever known to be guilty; and I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Olive had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forget—that I never shall forget as long as I live.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture, but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab that it had given me.

I sat down in my own room and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin-lid. I knew now that I loved Olive Hunter; that I loved her not as an old man might love a child, but as a young man might love the woman who ought to be his wife—better than I had loved Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish passion, but earnest, heartfelt *love*.

I in love! I arose, and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection blushed before my gaze.

The spring-time of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamt of love's bud and blossom.

Yes, I had dreamt of it; I knew it now. And she might have loved me had I had Ashton's soft skin, and blue eyes, and graceful figure, and his youth and light-heartedness. Oh, the bright possibilities of that might have been!

I knelt beside my bed, and prayed that I might not hate my brother—that I might not even envy him. His touch upon my door startled me. He came in with something in his manner not usual to him, and sat down opposite me. For a few moments we were silent. Then he said, speaking rapidly and blushing like a girl:

"Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose?"

"I saw you on your knees," I said.

"And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand, you've been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She's driving me mad. Ned, I *do* believe she likes me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I *must* have it, and I think *you* can help me, Ned. From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps that you are one of those old fellows who want every one to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned,—dear old fellow,—tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it—indeed, I won't!"

"Tell her *I* have no objection," I repeated mechanically.

"You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you really were one instead of a brother," said Ashton. "If I did not know how kindly you had always felt to us both, I shouldn't canfide in you, for it's a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank Heaven you know nothing of it."

Know nothing of it! ah, if he could have read my heart just then!

"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said at last. "I'll try my best."

And he flung his arm about me in his own boyish fashion, and left me alone—alone with my own thoughts.

He had said truly: I had been like a father to him. I was old enough to be hers, and no one should know my silly dream. I would hide it while I lived. As I had said once, "I've only the old folks and the children now," I said then, "I will only think of mother and of Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing—I have lived for them, if needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor until the next day was quite done. Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her and took her hand.

"Olive," I said, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he has told you so. And you—can you not love him?"

She drew her hand from mine, and said not one word.

"I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in having your love than anything else could make him," I said. "I told him I would tell you so."

And then she spoke:

"*You* wish me to marry Ashton?"

Reproach was in the tone—reproach and sorrow.

"If you can love him, Olive," I said.

She arose. She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said.

And we were still as death. Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob.

"You have been very kind to me. I love you all," she said; "but I cannot stay here now. Please to let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."

"Go from us, Olive?" I said. "Nay, we are no tyrants; and once assured you do not love him, Ashton will——"

"Hush!" she panted—"hush! Please let me go away! Please let me go away!"

The moon was rising. Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its whiteness made her look so pale.

She leant against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathomable eyes full of pain. How had I hurt her so? A new thought struck me.

"Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?" I said.

And at that she turned her face from me and hid it in her hands.

"Too much—too much. You might have spared me *that*," she said. "Let me go away. I wish you had never brought me here."

And I arose and went to her. I bent over the woman I loved. I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."

And my voice trembled, and my hand shook, and she turned her face toward me again and looked into my eyes. What she saw in mine I do not know,—the truth, I think. In hers I read this: I was not old to her; not too old to be loved.

I stole my arm about her; she did no[illegible] twine it. I uttered her name, "Olive," h[illegible] Afterwards, I told her of my struggle [illegible] self, not then. I said:

"Olive, *I* love you, but it cannot b[illegible] for me. I am old enough to be you[illegible] father."

And again I saw in her eyes th[illegible] happy truth, and took her to my heart. And [illegible] I was not old, nor even middle-aged, but you[illegible] bliss of that bright moment, [illegible] g again in the been growing younger ever [illegible] nd I think I have

But we kept our secret [illegible] since. both loved Ashton, and [illegible] for a while, for we wound was not too dee[illegible] both knew that his within a year, when [illegible] to find a balm; and bride, a pretty creat[illegible] e boy brought home a who loved him, I cla[illegible] re whom he loved, and

And she is mine, [illegible] med Olive. soms of my hea[illegible] now; and the autumn blossoms bloom again th[illegible] t will only fade on earth to [illegible] ugh all eternity in Paradise.

—As we g[illegible] on in life we find we cannot afford excitement, a[illegible] nd we learn to be parsimonious in our emotions.

A MALE COQUETTE.

BY RUTHELLA SCHULTZ.

Young, gallant, gay, of stature tall,
With eyes of midnight glory,
And lips that, with a wondrous grace,
Can tell a wondrous story;
And voice of music, soft and low,
Whispering love-vows tender,
Winning a maiden's trusting heart,—
Heaven pity and defend her!

I pray not thus for yonder belle;
She deftly spreads her snare,
And scornfully she tosses back
Her rippling, golden hair.
She e'en returns his tender glance
With innocent surprise—
Looks grave when he is merriest,
Laughs lightly when he sighs.

Not so—not so, you trusting girl,
Confiding, ardent, young,
She knows not of the tangled net
His arts have 'round her flung.
She fondly deems that naught save truth
Can dwell within his breast;
And there, his arms encircling her,
She tenderly will rest.

As falls the conq'ror by the sword
When vict'ry's tide runs high,
At last must yield the conqu'ring heart
Before a maiden's eye!
Long live the fair one who, at last,
Shall wind her toils around him;
Joy to the maid in whose behalf
The shaft of love shall wound him!

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Is it really and actually a fact, Felix Arden?"

James Clay, sitting with his boots on the rail of the iron balcony, seemed actually interested, for once in his life,—a state of mind that did not often disturb the calm current of his every-day life. James Clay transacted all his little accounts with Existence on the *nil admiranum* principle, and found it work amazingly well.

"Well, I suppose it is," returned Arden,—a tall, handsome young man, with dark blue eyes, goldenish hair, and a figure like the storied Antinōus,—"any congratulations to offer?"

"Plenty of 'em!" responded Clay, still with an enthusiasm foreign to his nature. "She is a little pearl, Felix Arden,—a jewel to shine on any man's breast,—and you're a lucky fellow to have won her."

"Well, yes; I suppose I am," said Arden, reflectively stroking down his long moustache, "I never called myself a marrying man—in fact I hadn't any idea of giving up my bachelor freedom just at present, but Flora Winter has proved too much for me; by Jove! those blue eyes of hers fairly melted the ice 'round my heart—and the first I knew, I was at her feet!"

Clay looked rather sharply at him; he did not like the idea of Arden's speaking so cavalierly.

"I hope you are not beginning to repent it?" he said, with some acerbity.

"Repent it? No, by Jove! only, you know, it's rather hard on a fellow to give up his champagne suppers, and his bachelor boating parties, and his little flirtations! If Flora was one trifle less beautiful, I don't think I should have been tempted."

"Arden," said Clay, biting his lip, and with a curious white streak across his brow, indicative of strong, suppressed passion "stop just where you are!"

"Eh!"

"Just where you are," repeated James, "or, by my word, I shall be tempted to pitch you out of the window; and that you know," he added, relapsing once more into his ordinary languid tone, "would be such a deuce of a bore!"

Arden laughed.

"What a queer fellow you are, Jim! And, by the way, here are tickets to the private theatricals at the house of Flora's friend, Mrs. Grimwicke, next week. Flora is to do Juliet; Harry Grimwicke does Romeo."

"Miss Winter excels in the histrionic art then?"

"Excels? she's the neatest little actress you ever saw. She would have been a perfect Ristori, if fate had thrown her on the stage!"

"Indeed?"

"And, speaking of the stage, suppose we go to the theatre to-night?"

"Ought you not rather to devote yourself to your fair *fiancée*?"

"Well, you see," said Felix, settling his collar with an air of intense self-satisfaction, "I've thought of that; but it isn't best to get her into the way of expecting me *every* evening. I think it would be wiser to begin as we intend to go on. She's very charming of course, and all that, but a fellow like me can't be expected to give up his *whole* time to any woman!"

"No; of course not," said Clay, with a satirical twinkle of his eye.

"I'll call for you then at a quarter to eight?"

"At a quarter to eight, if you please."

And when Felix Arden was gone, Clay rose and walked up and down the room with bent brows and downcast eyes.

"Strange! strange!" he murmured to himself, "that *she* should fancy a dolt like this! Truly woman's nature is a riddle deeper and more incomprehensible than that of the olden sphinx. She is a pearl—a pearl of price; while he ——. Well, she has made her choice, and I have but to hope that she may be happy. Poor Flora!"

And James Clay resolutely set himself to work to crush down the wells of bitterness that were bubbling up from the depths of his own strong, deep nature.

"Am I so selfish that her happiness will not content me?" he asked himself sternly. "If so, the sooner I take myself out of the way of her sweet eyes and smiles the better!"

Flora Winter *was* a very, very pretty girl! You would have said so yourself could you have seen her tripping along through the melted gold of the September sunset, with cheeks like pink satin, and eyes where every gust of the uncompromising wind seemed to bring out new [illegible]sapphire-sparkles. Tall and well-made, she was [illegible] "sylph," but a genuine, substantial, loveable [illegible], dimpled and brown-haired, and win[illegible] a girl, in fact, for any man to fall in love [illegible] before he fairly knew what he was about! [illegible] the glittering perspective of yellow [illegible] she walked—her blue ribbons flutter[illegible] the breeze,—until suddenly she [illegible] down [illegible] a narrow street—almost a lane, [illegible] sunshine [illegible] little wooden house, whose rick[illegible] softly [illegible] loosely from one decaying [illegible] turned down [illegible] and entered a [illegible] petty portico [illegible] column.

"Is it you, Miss [illegible] Flora?" said a worn-looking, elderly woman app[illegible]aring in the hall, as the door swung open wit[illegible] a creaking sound.

"Yes, Barbara, it is [illegible]. How is Mildred?"

"Well, she's not bett[illegible]r, Miss Flora,—more's the pity; the headache's [illegible] middlin' bad, and there seems to be fever to-nigh[illegible]. But you'd better come in!"

She opened a door as she sp[illegible]ke, and ushered Miss Winter into a low-ceiled, sc[illegible]ntily-furnished room, where, upon a narrow bed [illegible] in the corner, lay a woman of about twenty-tw[illegible] in a loose wrapper of some faded cashmere m[illegible]aterial. She was pale, wasted, haggard-looking, [illegible] yet not without a certain beauty; and, as she [illegible]y there, her face was a strange contrast to the [illegible] fresh, blooming one that hung over her.

"Mildred, you are no better?"

"No better, Flora; but I must rise and dress myself soon, nevertheless."

"You must do no such thing, Mildred; you are unable to rise from your pillow."

The invalid smiled feebly.

"Necessity knows no law, Flora. Mr. Truefitt was here to-night ——"

"The manager?"

"Yes, the manager,—I forgot that you are not so well acquainted with the names as I am,—and he says Miss Evarts refuses to take the part of 'Ophelia,' and there is no one to fill her place. So I must go on to-night, well or ill, or else lose my situation and my year's salary as well."

"Did he say so?"

"Yes—those are the terms of our contract, I believe."

"The heartless wretch!"

"Nay, now, Flora, you are scarcely just. Mr. Truefitt is losing patience with me at last; but just reflect how long I have been ill and unable to fulfil my engagements. It *is* hard; but I must try to go on for this one night. After this, Miss Wren will be here from Philadelphia."

"But this one night's excitement and toil will kill you, Mildred."

Mildred uttered a strange sound, half laugh, half groan.

"I may as well die at once from this effort as from starvation, which would most assuredly be the case if I lost my engagement."

She rose as she spoke and began, with trembling hands, to adjust the heavy masses of her chestnut-brown hair; but, almost on the same instant, she sat down again, pale and exhausted, her head drooping on Flora's shoulder.

"Oh! Flora, Flora, I cannot. I am too weak—too ill!"

"Let me see Mr. Truefitt for you, Mildred," said Miss Winter. "I will go immediately."

"It will do no good, Flora," sighed Mildred.

"But, at all events, let me *try*. What is his address?"

"He will be at the theatre at this time of night."

"Then I will go there."

Still the young creature shook her head despondingly; but Flora rose.

"At least it can do no harm to try the experiment," she said, firmly. "Barbara, do you see that Miss Raymond keeps quite still and quiet until she hears from me."

"Ah, Flora," whispered the invalid as she drew Flora's face down to her own pallid lips, "what have I done to deserve such kindness from you?"

"Nonsense!" said Flora, lightly. "I have not yet forgotten our school-days, Milly, when I was a little, homesick, frightened girl, and you the good genius of my life."

And so she turned her footsteps resolutely toward the great theatre, with which her only previous acquaintance had been a private box, hot-house flowers, and delicious little *entr'acte* flirtations with Felix Arden.

Mr. Truefitt was in, and Miss Winter was conducted by an awkward-looking boy to the manager's private room, where he sat at a desk busied with writing materials—a large, pompous man, with a tremendous black moustache, and a voice that sounded as if it came from the soles of his boots.

"Yes, yes—all very true, Miss Winter," he said, when she had finished her recital; "but what is a man to do? My theatre can't stand still because Mildred Raymond chooses to be sick. I *must* have an Ophelia, or we break down. One night's acting won't kill your friend."

"She is very ill, Mr. Truefitt."

"Still I don't see that I can possibly dispense with her services," said the stony-hearted manager, politely inexorable.

Flora stood still a moment; then she spoke out:

"It is only for this one night that the necessity exists, Mr. Truefitt?"

"Only for this one night, ma'am. Miss Wren will be here to-morrow!"

"*I* will take the part of Ophelia for you, Mr. Truefitt."

The manager smiled incredulously.

"Miss Winter is in jest, surely."

"No, I am in earnest. I have often acted it in private theatricals at Mrs. Grimwicke's."

"I am no stranger to Miss Winter's fame as an actress on the private stage," said the manager, courteously, "and if she insists on this very singular course of conduct, I have only to say that I shall consider her a very excellent substitute for Miss Mildred Raymond."

Five minutes later a note was dispatched to Mildred, another one to Miss Winter's friends, and she herself was in the "first lady's" dressing-room attiring herself, with throbbing heart and eyes full of a certain exultant light, in the dress of Shakespeare's sweetest character, "poor Ophelia."

Her debut on the stage—would she ever forget it; the starry row of dazzling footlights—the auditorium with its clusters on clusters of lighted chandeliers—above all, the sea of human faces, tiers above tiers, turned towards her? For one instant her heart almost failed her—the pulses seemed to pause within her veins; but she murmured to herself, "It is for Mildred—it is for Mildred," and moved forward with renewed courage.

The acting of "Ophelia" that night was more than good; it was almost inspired. The audience seemed to hang entranced on the words of the fair crazed maiden of Denmark. Flora forgot her own identity in that of the love-stricken girl; her beauty seemed almost unearthly.

In the foremost row of the orchestra chairs sat two gentlemen, both of whom critically raised their glasses as the young actress glided forward. One—the elder and taller of the two—sat in perfect silence, although a curious expression of doubt and wonder curved his lip; the younger stared broadly.

"By Jove!" he muttered, under his breath, "it's Flora Winter! James—do you see?"

"It certainly *is* Miss Winter," was his companion's calm reply, "and very fine acting she is giving us."

"But look here, I say," pursued Arden, dropping his eye-glass in confusion, "this is a pretty state of things. *I'm* not going to marry an actress, you know!"

Mr. Clay turned upon his companion a quiet glance of ineffable scorn.

"I thought you were such an admirer of Mrs. Grimwicke's private theatricals!"

"Oh—private theatricals—that's all very well; but an actress on the public boards—by Jove, that's another thing entirely! And I supposed she was an heiress. Old Seamour always said there was something mysterious about the girl, and here's the clew to it! An actress! I'll dissolve the engagement to-morrow!"

"Do!" said his companion, scornfully.

"It's entrapping a fellow under false pretences, don't you see? It's confoundedly underhand. She ought to be ashamed of herself. She——"

"Will you be silent?" demanded Clay, turning suddenly and sternly upon him.

And Arden relapsed into silence, muttering that "he didn't know Jim was so much interested in a play as old as the hills."

Three times was sweet "Ophelia" called out before the curtain, after it had descended, to receive congratulatory ovations and showers of bouquets, and then she retired, smiling, blushing, and yet half-frightened.

"I congratulate you, Miss Winter," said the manager, rubbing his hands, "and I only wish I could keep you on my boards the whole season!"

But Flora cared little for praises, either public or private; she only felt that she had saved Mildred Raymond's life.

The dial plate of Mrs. Grimwicke's bronze mantel clock recorded the hour of one next day, when a servant brought up the cards of Mr. Arden and Mr. Clay, "For Miss Winter."

"A fellow wants some one to back him, so you may as well go along with me, Jim!" he had said, and Clay had silently accompanied him.

Mrs. Grimwicke was with her friend, and both looked somewhat surprised at the expression of Mr. Arden's face as he entered.

"I called, ladies," said that gentleman, succinctly, "simply to state that I was at the —— Theatre last night, where it seems Miss Winter earns her daily bread. I am surprised, ladies, that I *should* have been so deceived. I consider you, Mrs. Grimwicke, quite as much to blame as Miss Winter, in—in countenancing such an adventuress, and I beg leave to withdraw myself from the engagement into which I have been rashly inveigled."

Flora had listened quietly, although the color came and went on her fair cheek like flying apple-blossoms in May, and when at length he ceased speaking she calmly inclined her head and answered:

"You are free sir."

"May *I* speak now?" quietly asked Mr. Clay.

"Certainly, sir."

"Then may I beg leave to express my entire and utter detestation of Mr. Arden's course of conduct, and my admiration of Miss Winter's behavior throughout; and may I tender, in the place of the relations Mr. Arden has just dissolved, my own devotion and allegiance—not only now, but for all time."

Flora looked into the noble, flushed countenance; she read the speaking eyes. It was rather sudden to decide upon so strange an offer, but woman's wit came to her relief.

"I—I will take your remarks into consideration, sir." (Which we may as well state here, she *did*, so effectually, that she is now Mrs. James Clay, as lovely a young matron as ever made home sunshine.)

And then Mrs. Grimwicke calmly interrupted them by stating the real truth, how Flora had taken her friend's place for a single night. Nor could she resist mischievously telling Arden, while Clay and Flora were "considering" in the picture gallery, what a golden prize he had lost.

"Seventy-five thousand of her own, at least," said triumphant Mrs Grimwicke, "and an old uncle, just deceased in China, worth oh! *ever* so much money!"

And Arden silently stroked down his golden moustache, feeling that he had been "checkmated."

"My old grandmother used to tell me never to go to the theatre," said Felix, dolefully, "and now I wish I had minded her!"

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

BY M. MARCELLINA BEATTIE.

Ezekiel Woods had about as nearly reached a state of Christian perfection as could be expected of human nature in these latter days.

So at least thought most of his brethren in the D—— Presbyterian church, when they elected him to fill the office of deacon.

So, too, thought his wife, whom some thirty years of constant association clearly entitled to an opinion on the point.

The more censorious among his neighbors would sometimes venture to hint that, if the deacon *had* a fault, it was to be found in his extreme fondness for his daughter—a little girl of ten, and the only child vouchsafed to the pious couple after many years of wedlock.

In truth, she was the earthly idol of their household.

It was amusing to witness the happy, but unaccustomed father's attempts to entertain the little creature, when she began to stretch forth her tiny arms and inarticulately welcome his approach.

Nor was it less interesting, as years advanced, to see him leading her to school, carrying her dinner-pail and satchel as carefully as a gallant carries his lady's shawl, and mingling his gray locks with her golden curls as he stooped to kiss her at the gate.

One day, a heavy cloud settled over the farmer's quiet hearth.

His Cherry would never more come running and skipping to bear him company in his daily walks.

Never more would she follow her mother about the household tasks, graceful and frolicsome as her own pet kittens.

In the darkened upper chamber, her face almost as white as the snowy curtains of her little bed, she lay, moaning with pain.

She had fallen from the swing, and sustained a severe fracture of the hip.

The good old doctor had exerted his utmost skill, but Cherry must pass the remainder of her days an almost helpless cripple.

It was well for Deacon Woods, in his great affliction, that the Almighty arm on which he had heretofore leaned continued to sustain him; the voice heard by prophet and martyr, in their hours of trial, spoke consolation to his bleeding heart.

After a tedious confinement, Cherry was able to walk a little, with the aid of a crutch.

It was saddening to look into her pale, patient face, and large eyes, so mournfully tender; but often, on the Sabbath, when her dear tones swelled triumphantly from the village-choir, as if her spirit rose with them in thankful, yea, joyous adoration, we felt that our pity was not only misplaced, but almost sacrilegious.

Farmer Woods, her father, had long owned a house and piece of land next to Simon Gray's.

Tenant after tenant had occupied them, but the stay of each had been only transient.

One and all alleged the same reason for removing.

They could not bear with such a neighbor as old Simon. He was a noted miser, who had a passion for buying up choice tracts of land and adding them to his already large possessions. He had long since fixed his eyes on this farm of Deacon Woods', and had repeatedly offered him a liberal price for it. But the Deacon was strongly attached to those particular acres, which included some of the best grazing land in the county.

The house, too, was endeared to him as being the birth-place of his mother, and he designed it for his Cherry's future home.

So he refused all Simon Gray's tempting offers; so much to the latter's discomfiture that he swore he "would make the old fool repent of his obstinacy, and would wear out his patience yet, saint though he might be."

Some half dozen tenants had successively retired from the contest with old Simon's systematic and ingeniously-varied processes of annoyance, when Deacon Woods, who could not afford to let the place remain unoccupied, resolved to take the field in person.

He let out his own homestead and went to live as a neighbor to his avowed and implacable enemy.

Many were the friendly warnings he received when his intentions became known.

"Sell the place. I would if it were mine," said old Mr. Woodruff to him. "Old Simon and Old Nick are own brothers, and you can do nothing with them."

"I think I know of a weapon that can master them both," was Deacon Woods' only reply.

The village gossips all shook their heads when the Deacon's household was seen to be in motion.

"If he don't fall from grace, I guess it won't be because he has not been sorely tried," whispered Charles Egan to Mr. Woodruff, who sighed in answer, and compassionately murmured:

"Poor man! at his time of life, too!"

The morning after the Deacon was fairly established in his troubled domain he arose quite early.

His first look out of doors revealed a state of things peculiarly irritating to the agricultural mind.

Some fence-rails were down, and old Simon's cows, three in number, were placidly grazing in his turnip-patch.

His first impulse was to rush out upon the intruders and summarily impound them; but he checked himself by a strong effort, took down his family Bible, and deliberately opened it in search of a text for the morning's devotions. He read:

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

There was no trace of anger in the deacon's face, as he gently drove out the trespassing animals and replaced the bars previous to summoning the family to prayers.

For several successive mornings the offence was repeated, and each time with the same result.

Then the deacon called on old Simon, and, in the most friendly manner, directed his attention to the circumstances.

The cows did not intrude again; but the beauty of the deacon's front yard was much defaced by large heaps of garbage, which were regularly flung from the adjoining premises. His fruit-trees, also, were nightly despoiled, until he was obliged to keep a strict watch upon them.

Numerous other petty depredations and annoyances succeeded, somewhat to the injury of the deacon's property, and not a little to the disturbance of his quiet and decorous household; but if the object of their contriver was to inflame the good man's temper, he seemed in danger of signal failure.

Mr. Woods gave up remonstrating with his ill-conditioned neighbor; but, when they met, he treated him with the same unvarying friendliness.

One day, on returning from work, he found Cherry in tears. Old Simon had killed her pet pigeon.

It had flown on his grape-arbor, and had been doomed as a voracious trespasser.

In vain the poor girl pleaded for her feathered favorite; with a gruff "Why didn't you keep it home?" the old monster took deadly aim, and then flung the victim, fluttering and bleeding, at her feet.

This was too much even for her father's long-trained spirit of forbearance.

He was about to seek old Simon immediately. But Cherry laid her little hand on his shoulder, and, looking into his eyes, said, gently:

"Wait awhile, father; you are too angry now."

He paused for a moment, and then put down his hat. The still, small voice within him seemed to repeat her words.

If the sun went down that evening on the deacon's wrath, the rising luminary saw him placid and patient as ever.

He determined to take no present notice of the wanton outrage.

Ere that day ended, old Simon was seized with a sudden and severe sickness.

Now was the time for the deacon to resort to the weapon of which he had boasted.

Choice tit-bits from his kitchen began to find their way to old Simon, who had no one in particular to care for him, his wife having died long ago, and no woman being since found willing to endure the discomforts of a home where he was master.

Then, almost every day, the deacon would visit him, and, taking a seat by the sick man, endeavor to cheer his hours of pain, and bring his thoughts to rest on higher things than were wont to occupy them.

At first he was rudely repulsed, then barely tolerated; at length, anxiously watched for, and humbly, warmly welcomed.

Cherry, too, was latterly allowed to accompany her father, always bearing some little gift for the invalid, until he learned to love her presence also.

He got well, and lived many years after—much the same, in outward deportment, to others; but, to Deacon Woods, the best of neighbors, thenceforth, till he died.

When this event took place, having no near kindred, he was found to have left his whole property to Charity Woods—in the words of his will, "as a recompense for the loss of her pet pigeon; and that she might be able to do good among the poor and helpless, as she had done it to him in his lonely old age."

HUMANITY TO INFERIOR ANIMALS.

What was sport to him was worse than death to creatures endowed with life by the same Creator who blessed him with health and strength; creatures enjoying the same blessings in another degree—this "gave him pause"—and reason told him that he was counteracting God's will. He frequently observed, too, that a bird wounded escaped, and he knew that there was no surgeon to cure the wound, or nurse to attend the patient—for "misery doth part the flux of company"—the herd shun the wounded stag—the struck bird "seeks the rushes" and there pines and dies in solitude. One day Spiffard exultingly brought down a bird from its flight—the fowl was only winged, and ran. The triumphant *man* pursued—overtook and placed his foot on his victim. He stooped to seize it—the bird turned up its eye and looked him full in the face with such an imploring, such a reproving glance, that his heart smote him; and his reason rebuked him as a convicted murderer—a murder for sport. In times long after he has said, "I have seen that eye a thousand times." He never discharged a gun to kill for pleasure again.

PUNCTUALITY.

A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual: but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," etc. A Quaker present said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one eighth of it only was *thine own property*."

—It is impossible to be polite without being *discreet*. Discretion renders a man master of himself, of his words, of his actions, of his looks, and of the motions of his countenance; so that nothing can escape him to break through decorum, or to give offence. A discreet man distinguishes perfectly the rank, character, and genius of others, and the bent of their inclination and interests; and he thereby discovers in what particulars he may safely rely on their confidence, and upon what occasion it is prudent to be mysterious. He is particularly careful never to enter into their secrets or meddle in their concerns without being solicited so to do, which is an excellent precaution to live peacably, and to avoid those inconveniences to which indiscreet persons subject themselves, by intruding into the concerns of others.

WIT AND HUMOR.

An anti-tobacconist in addressing a company of sailors warned them against chewing and smoking and declared that every kind of pipe was bad, however moderately it was indulged in. "Avast there!" exclaimed an old salt, "I know a pipe that never hurt anybody." "What is it?" blandly asked the lecturer. "A hornpipe!" yelled the old tar, and the lecturer was extinguished in a flood of laughter.

The great Duke of Marlborough passing the gate of the Tower was accosted by an ill-looking fellow with—"How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have now been in every jail in the kingdom." "I believe, my friend," replied the duke, with surprise, "this is the only jail I ever visited." "Very likely," rejoined the other; "but I have been in all the rest."

An Irish woman called at the grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it into a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon and have done with it?" said the grocer. "Oh! bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "*it's for two persons*."

A couple of children were boasting of their respective relatives, when one of them, a little girl of five years, being hard pressed, reflected a moment and then triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, anyhow, my Aunt Susan can take all her teeth out and put 'em back ag'in, and *that's* more'n any of *your* relations can do!"

A Purblind Sailor.—A sailor on board a ship was ordered by one of the officers to go below and fetch a jug of water just as the ship was about to sail. The man hesitated to go, because, as he said, the vessel being about to sail, he was afraid he should be *left behind*.

A correspondent writing from a village in Pennsylvania says, "A respected citizen of this place two days ago eat half a peck of peaches, ten pears, a watermelon, three canteloupes, drank half a gallon of beer, and left a widow and three children to mourn his loss."

Three gentlemen, named More, Strange and Wright, being at a social party, the last-named remarked, "There is but one knave in the company, and that's *Strange!*" "Yes," responded Strange, "there's one More." "Aye," said More, "that's Wright."

A graceless scamp not being able to keep up with the pall-bearers at his wife's funeral, without making more exertion than he was willing to put forth, called out to them, "Hold up a little. What's the use of making a toil of pleasure!"

The Portlander says that the reason why the Vermont and New-Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

An old woman was recently tried in England for feloniously taking a pair of boots, and the jury, to the amusement of the court and spectators, returned the following verdict: "*Not* guilty, but admonished never *to do the like again*."

A person once said to a father, whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work!" replied the father; "not at all: he will lie down and go to sleep close by the side of it."

A Maine editor says that over one thousand girls in that State, with blue eyes, coral lips, and golden hair, are gathering hops; whereupon a Massachusetts editor exclaims, "Who wouldn't be a Maine hop!"

The Atlanta (Ga.) *New Era* boasts of a beet twenty-two inches in circumference. That's nothing: many a policeman in this city has a beat more than a mile in circumference.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the *old flame*?

An up-town painter announces that, among other portraits, he has a representation of "Death as large as life."

Why should a man with a termagant wife be considered a smart fellow? Because he's a shrew'd individual.

When a nobleman marries his house-maid, it may be said that he leads her to the *high menial* altar.

Popping the Question.—"Champagne, sir?"

A Female Detective.—A *blush*.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A French physician recently assembled his friends to witness a novel balloon experiment. He cut the ropes, and, as he rose, to the horror of his guests, showed a pistol, with which he made gestures indicating that he would fire through the balloon when high up in the air. Next morning, the frightfully mangled body of the aeronaut and the bullet-pierced balloon were found at some distance from the point of departure.

Christine Velpeau, a *danseuse*, of Paris, having been deserted by her lover, bought a dose of strychnine, went to the faithless swain's lodgings, and there swallowed the poison and died, so as to avenge herself by subjecting the recreant to a police visitation and all the publicity of an official investigation into the cause of her death.

A workman on a building in Third Avenue fell from the scaffolding under the roof, and passing between the floor beams of the fourth and third stories, struck on those of the second story, whereby his back was broken, also one of his legs. He howled frightfully for a short time, and then expired as he was being carried home.

As a couple of women in a one-horse wagon, were driving down a steep hill, in Western Virginia, the harness gave way in a manner which let the wagon run against the horse, whereat he became unmanageable, ran away, and dashed the wagon in pieces, killing one of the women outright, and mortally injuring the other.

One Vermont lady recently escaped from her home and drowned herself, and another cut her throat with a razor on the same night, each being afflicted with what the doctors call "religious insanity," which comes of spiritualism, second-adventism, and such like phantasies and hallucinations.

Two horses, belonging to a gentleman of Haverhill, N. H., were recently found dead in Wood's pond in that town. They had gone to the pond for the purpose of drinking, and, wading in too far, soon sunk in the mire until nothing but their heads could be seen, and thus miserably perished.

The cholera has invaded the United States by way of New Orleans, and is working its way up the Mississippi river. The Mayor of Jackson, Miss., issued a proclamation a few days ago announcing that six persons had died of cholera in that city the day before.

Two Tennesseeans built a fire under a cow to make her move, and the creature died of the torture. The next day one of these men passed the place on horseback, his horse became frightened at the dead cow, threw his rider and nearly killed him.

Accounts from Iceland report that a terrible eruption of Mount Hecla occurred about the last of August, so terrible as to nearly suffocate, with its sulphurous fumes, people at a distance of nearly one hundred miles from the volcano.

What next?—A disease called the "chicken cholera" has broken out among the poultry along the Potomac river which carries off the barn-yard fowls with frightful rapidity. No cure or alleviation of the disease has been hit upon.

Chicago is fast becoming metropolitan. During the last three months her police made seven thousand two hundred and twenty-three arrests, resulting in $40,327 of fines, and the recovery of $113,812 worth of stolen property.

An old man, eighty-two years of age, met another old man in a street in Cincinnati, one day last week, and on getting into conversation with him, discovered that he was his own brother, whom he had not seen for sixty years.

The yellow fever has been making frightful ravages in the Southwest. In some places on the Texan coast, so many have died, and so many have fled, as nearly to depopulate them.

A daughter of the celebrated navigator, Capt. Cook, recently died at the great age of one hundred and four years.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XIII.

POLITICS.

An eager, omnivorous reader, especially of newspapers, from early childhood, I was an ardent politician when not yet half old enough to vote. I heartily sympathized with the Northern uprising against the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, and in the disappointment and chagrin so widely felt when that uprising was circumvented and defeated by what was called a Compromise. I think few of us blamed the Southern politicians for their share in our defeat; but the score of Northern Senators and Representatives who (as we thought) betrayed us, were thenceforth marked men, and few indeed of them were ever again successful aspirants to popular favor.

When, in 1824, the country was freshly agitated and divided, after several years of general calm, by the nomination of William H. Crawford, of Georgia, for President, in a caucus attended by less than a third of the Members of Congress—considerably less than half of those who were chosen by the dominant party—all New England became zealously anti-Caucus, and her electoral vote was cast solid for John Quincy Adams; there being no serious opposition among the masses, though several of her leading politicians and hitherto most influential journals were vehemently for Crawford. The choice of Adams for President in Congress by the help of Mr. Clay and his friends, suited us exactly, and all the more that Mr. Clay was eminently National in his views and feelings, a leading champion of Internal Improvements, Protection to Home Industry, and every good work. But the hostile combination soon thereafter formed of the lately warring supporters of Jackson, Crawford and Calhoun respectively, did not please us at all; Calhoun especially—having been a National man, a supporter of Protection, River and Harbor Improvement, &c., while in Congress, and having been generally sustained by our section for Vice-President—was regarded, up our way, as a renegade from principle for office and power. The fierce personal warfare waged upon Adams and Clay for their alleged coalition, by and in full view of this hostile combination, excited our wrath and scorn; but this did not overbear the fact that their three factions united were an overmatch for our two; and, as Crawford died soon after Adams's accession, they were enabled to achieve what would now-a-days be called a close connection by running Jackson for President with Calhoun for Vice-President. We ought to have countered this by nominating Clay with Adams, or (better still) by having Adams decline a reëlection and running Clay for President with Walter Forward, of Pennsylvania, or Smith Thompson, of New York, for Vice-President; but everything went wrong with us: the death of De Witt Clinton consolidated many of his personal followers with their life-long adversaries in the support of Jackson for President with Van Buren for Governor of New York; our nomination of Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, for Vice-President was injudicious, and gave us no strength: and our reasonable hopes that the Tariff question would secure us Ohio with Kentucky, and give us a fair chance for Pennsylvania, were blighted by the tactics of our antagonists: Van Buren, Silas Wright, Buchanan, the Jackson delegations from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky in solid column, with all but two or three members from New York, uniting (in 1828) to frame and pass the highest and most Protective Tariff that had ever been proposed, over the votes of a majority of the Adams men from New England. Outmanœuvered on every side, we were clearly foredoomed to defeat; the loss of Mr. Clay's own Kentucky was a blow for which her preceding election of Members to Congress had partly prepared us, though we carried, by a close vote, her Governor (Metcalf) in the spirited August election of this year; but Indiana and even Ohio went with her, though we had carried the latter in her State election scarcely a month before the popular vote for President. Louisiana, too, voted for Jackson, though with us in her preceding State contest; New York (then choosing electors by districts) gave Adams but 16 votes to 20 for his opponent; and so we were badly beaten, carrying but 84 electors, while Jackson—having every vote below the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies—had more than double that number.

In the succeeding Presidential contest, (1832,) we had scarcely a chance. Anti-Masonry had divided us, and driven thousands of Adams men over to Jackson, whose personal popularity was very great, especially with the non-reading class, and who had strengthened himself at the North by his Tariff Messages and his open rupture with Calhoun. New Hampshire and Maine had already gone over to him; Vermont voted for Wirt, the Anti-Masonic candidate; Ohio, distracted by Anti-Masonry, went again for Jackson; New-York (now choosing electors by general ticket) went solid for him, with Pennsylvania, and even New Jersey: so that Mr. Clay, though carrying his own Kentucky, made but a sorry figure in the electoral aggregate. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, and part of Maryland, (by districts,) were all the States that voted for him, save his own.

South Carolina now threw away her vote for President on John Floyd, of Virginia, and proceeded to nullify the Tariff, which had just been somewhat reduced—in part, to placate her. But Van Buren had been substituted for Calhoun as Vice-President, and she would not *be* placated. Her Nullification was abandoned rather than suppressed, and this only after the main point had been virtually yielded to her by a graduated reduction of the Tariff throughout the next ten years to a purely Revenue standard. Though overborne, she was practically triumphant. Mr. Clay proposed the Compromise Tariff, that gave her ample excuse for receding from her untenable position; but only after it had been rendered certain that a more immediate and sweeping reduction of the Tariff, already reported by Mr. Verplanck, from the Committee of Ways and Means, would be carried if this were forborne. So the land had peace again for a brief season.

The United States Bank war, which soon followed, had already been inaugurated by Gen. Jackson's imperious will. Early in his first term, he had been prompted to require the removal of Jeremiah Mason, President of the branch at Portsmouth, N. H., who was obnoxious to his leading friends in that State. He was not gratified. Though the first charter of the Bank would not expire till 1836, he demonstrated against its renewal so early as 1830; telling Congress that the question should be promptly acted on, so that arrangements might seasonably be made, in case it should not be rë-chartered, for supplying its place as a financial agent of the Government and a commercial convenience to the people. A Jackson Congress, in due time, took the matter in hand, and, in 1832, voted a renewal of the charter, by large majorities in either House. The bill was vetoed, and the Veto Message complained that the act of rë-chartering was premature! That Congress, prior to its final adjournment, heard vaguely that the President intended to remove the deposits of public money from the detested Bank; whereupon the House voted, by three to one, that they ought *not* to be removed.

William J. Duane, of Pennsylvania, was then Secretary of the Treasury. The President required him to remove the deposits. He declined. Jackson thereupon removed *him*, appointing in his stead Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, who proceeded at once to do his master's bidding. When a new Congress assembled (December, 1833,) the Federal deposits, as they accrued, were being dispersed among a multiplicity of State banks—the least able being of course the most needy and clamorous for a share of the pap, on the strength of their directors' professed devotion to the Administration and its "revered chief."

I have always—at least since I read Dr. Franklin's autobiography, more than forty years ago—been an advocate of paper money. But I want it to be *money*—convertible at pleasure into coin—not printed lies, even though they fail to deceive. From 1818 up to 1830, this country suffered from a dearth of money. Tens of thousands were unwillingly idle from month to month, who would have been usefully and profitably employed had the country been blest with an adequate circulating medium. Comparatively few houses were built in those years, because of the scarcity of money, which palsied enterprise and petrified labor. As a journeyman, I could rarely find work in the country, because there was so little money; and, on coming to the city, I found that the payments by master mechanics to their men were mainly made in "uncurrent" notes of State banks, which must often, if not generally, be taken to a broker and "shaved" before they would pay board or buy groceries. The consequent loss was something; the inevitable bother and vexation were a far greater nuisance. A paper currency everywhere current, everywhere convertible into coin, was my ideal; hence, I was not partial to local emissions of paper, but a zealous, determined advocate of a National Bank.

The United States Bank, being required to pay over the millions it held on deposit for the Government, receiving no more, began of course to contract its loans. It could do no otherwise; especially as an attempt, evidently inspired, had been made by Jackson brokers to break its branch at Savannah by quietly collecting a large quantity of its notes and presenting them at once for payment, hoping that they could not all be met, and that it might thereupon be claimed that the Bank had failed. It was charged by its adversaries that the contraction consequent upon the removal of the Deposits was too rapid and too great; in fact, that its purpose was the creation of commercial distress and panic. This may have been; but a very decided contraction by that Bank was inevitable; and it could have pursued no course that did not expose it to accusation and reproach. I presume it struggled for its life, as most of us would do, if assailed with deadly intent. With the Removal of the Deposits, its power to regulate the currency lapsed, and its duty as well. Those Banks to which the Government had transferred its funds and its favors should unitedly have assumed and exercised the functions of a regulator, or confessed their inability.

As the pressure for money increased, the political elements were lashed to fury, and our city, the focus of American Commerce, became the arena of a fierce electioneering struggle. Hitherto the Jackson ascendancy had, since the death of De Witt Clinton, been so decided, that our charter elections had been but languidly and formally contested; but the stirring debates daily received from Washington, the strivings of merchants and banks to avert bankruptcy, the daily tightening of the money market, and the novel hopes of success inspired in the breasts of those who now took the name of "Whigs," (to indicate their repugnance to unauthorized assumptions of Executive power,) rendered New York for some weeks a boiling caldron of political passions. Our three days' election (April, 1834) was the most vehement and keenly-contested struggle which I ever witnessed. Our city was then divided into fifteen Wards, with but one poll to each Ward; and I should estimate the average attendance on each poll at little less than one thousand. I am certain that I saw the masses surrounding the IVth and VIth Ward polls respectively (then but two or three blocks apart) so mingled that you could not say where the one ended and the other began. There were some fights, of course, and one general collision in the VIth Ward that might have resulted in deplorable bloodshed; but peace was soon restored. In the event, the Jacksonites elected their Mayor—Cornelius W. Lawrence—over the Whig candidate—Gulian C. Verplanck—by 384 majority, which was less than their overplus of voters naturalized on the last day of the poll. The total vote was nearly 35,000, which was probably a closer approach to the whole number of legal voters than was ever drawn out before or since. The Whigs carried both branches of the Common Council, giving them the control of most of the city patronage: so that the result was generally and justly regarded as a drawn battle.

We printed a daily campaign penny paper, entitled *The Constitution*, through most of that year, and I was a free contributor to its columns, though its editor and publisher was Mr. Achilles R. Crain, who died some thirty years ago. It did not pay, and the firm of Greeley & Winchester were losers by it, counting my editorial assistance worth nothing. William H. Seward, then 34 years old, and just closing with distinction a four years' term in the State Senate, was our candidate for Governor, with Silas M. Stillwell for Lieutenant; and we fondly hoped to carry the State in the November election. But meantime the State Banks wherein the Federal Revenue was deposited ("Pet Banks," we Whigs termed them) had been enabled to effect an enormous expansion of their loans and issues, and the country—not yet feeling the Tariff reductions which the Compromise of 1833 had barely inaugurated—was launched on the flood of a factitious but pleasing semblance of prosperity. Money was abundant; every one had employment who wanted and pay if he earned it; property was rapidly appreciating in value; factories and furnaces had full work, and were doing well; so, when the Fall election came, we made a gallant fight, but were badly defeated—Marcy being reëlected Governor over Seward by some 13,000 majority—more than he had over Granger in 1832—and the Whigs, beaten pretty generally and decisively, relapsed into a torpor whence they were scarcely aroused by the ensuing Presidential Election, wherein Gen. Harrison was made their candidate for President, with Francis Granger for Vice-President, while Hugh L. White of Tennessee ran for President, with John Tyler of Virginia for Vice-President, on an independent ticket which contested the South with the Jackson regulars, who alone held a National Convention, in which they nominated Martin Van Buren for President, with Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky for Vice. I was among the very few in the Eastern States who had taken any interest in bringing forward Gen. Harrison as a candidate, believing that there was the raw material for a good run in his history and character; but this was not generally credited, at least in our State, which, in a languid contest on a light vote, was carried for Van Buren, Johnson and Marcy by some 28,000 majority. When, however, the returns from other States came pouring in, and it was found that Gen. Harrison had carried, with Vermont only of the New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, and had barely failed to carry Pennsylvania, while White had carried Tennessee and Georgia, barely failing in North Carolina and in two or three South-Western States, and that Virginia had refused her vote to Johnson, so that he had failed of an election by the people, and had to be chosen over Granger by the Senate, there was a general waking up to the conviction that either Harrison was more popular or Van Buren more obnoxious than had been supposed in our State, and that the latter might have been beaten by seasonable concert and effort. In that slouching Whig defeat of 1836 lay the germ of the overwhelming Whig triumph of 1840.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

BY JAMES PARTON.

The first Congress, under the present Constitution, met in the City of New York on the Fourth of March, 1789. That, at least, was the day appointed for its meeting; but when the hour had arrived, it was found that, out of twenty-six Senators, only eight were present, and of a numerous House of Representatives but fourteen members were in their seats. Both Houses adjourned from day to day, and it was not until the sixth of April that a quorum of both Houses was present.

The first business in order, after the organization, was the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, and thus to ascertain who it was whom the people had elected to set the new government in motion. The Constitution then required that the person who had received the highest number of electoral votes should be the President, and the person who received the next highest number should be the Vice-President. For the first office there was nothing that resembled competition. Not only was every electoral vote cast for General Washington, but, so far as is known, he was the choice of every individual voter in every State of the Union.

When we look over the list of those who received votes for the Vice-Presidency, we cannot but be struck with the transitory nature of political fame. Who has ever heard of an American politician by the name of John Milton? Yet John Milton was a man of sufficient prominence in the United States, in 1789, to receive two electoral votes for the Vice-Presidency. One Edward Telfair received a vote. Who was Telfair? These two persons are so completely forgotten that their names are not even mentioned in the Biographical Dictionaries. Among the other persons, nearly forgotten, who received votes for this office, we find Benjamin Lincoln, James Armstrong, Robert H. Harrison, Samuel Huntingdon, and John Rutledge. The candidate elected was John Adams, who received thirty-four votes. John Jay received nine votes and John Hancock four votes, and the rest were scattered among the unknown names just mentioned.

When the result of the election was proclaimed, a member of the Senate was appointed to go to Mount Vernon and notify General Washington of his election. The long delay which had occurred while a quorum of Congress was assembling was regarded by the General, as he himself remarked, in the light of a "*reprieve*." He wrote to his old companion in arms, General Knox:

> "My movements to the chair of Government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution, so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities and inclination which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage; but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for, of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me."

All the letters of Washington written at this period show the unwillingness with which he left his beloved retirement to resume the control of public affairs. It was more than unwillingness; it was aversion and dread. He distrusted his own abilities, nor was he satisfied with every part of the new Constitution. Two days, however, after the messenger reached him with the official news of his election, he began his journey to the seat of government.

That journey was a triumphal progress. He had scarcely gone beyond the boundaries of his own estate when he was met by a company of horsemen from Alexandria, who escorted him to that ancient town, where a public banquet had been provided for him. Most of the faces surrounding the table on this occasion were those of old friends and neighbors, and Washington was deeply moved by this affectionate tribute. As he proceeded northward, people came out into the highways to see him pass, and there was no town or village upon the route but appointed its deputation to welcome and escort him. Baltimore, both on his arrival and departure, sent forth a numerous cavalcade, and gave him a salute of artillery. Chester detained him at a public breakfast, and he passed through Philadelphia under triumphal arches and hailed by the cheers of the people. Trenton—where, twelve years before, he had won the first victory of the Revolution—gave him a reception which made an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. The mothers of the city here gathered at the bridge over the Delaware, and as he passed under a triumphal arch erected upon the bridge, thirteen young girls, clad in white dresses, and adorned with garlands, scattered flowers in his path, singing as they did so, an ode in his honor.

At Elizabethtown, where a committee of both Houses of Congress, and the Mayor and Corporation of New York, were in waiting to receive him, he was conducted on board of a magnificent barge constructed for the purpose. Thirteen New York pilots, in white uniform, manned and rowed this vessel. A fleet of other boats and barges, decorated with streamers and ribbons, followed the stately craft that bore the President-elect; and as the beautiful procession glided through the narrow strait between New Jersey and Staten Island, other boats, gay with flags and streamers, fell into line; until, emerging into the broad harbor, the whole fleet swept up to the city, while bands of music and patriotic songs were heard on every side. Every ship in the bay was dressed as on festive occasions, and saluted the General's barge as it passed.

As the President-elect drew near the landing-place, there was a ringing of bells, a roar of artillery, and a shouting from the assembled multitude, such as had never before been heard in America. The Governor of the State received him upon the wharf, and there too was General Knox and other soldiers of the Revolution. A carriage stood ready to convey him to the residence prepared for him, and a carpet had been spread from the carriage door to the boat. As he intimated a preference to walk, a procession was formed, which increased as the procession of boats had done upon the water. Every house by which he passed was decorated with flags and banners, and bore some kind of emblem or sentence containing a compliment to himself. To the ladies who filled the windows, who waved their handkerchiefs and who shed flowers and tears before him, he took off his hat and bowed politely.

This ovation, as we can perceive in Washington's diary, was rather saddening than cheering to him. He wrote in his diary that evening:

> "The display of boats which attended and joined us on this occasion, some with vocal and some with instrumental music on board; the decorations of the ships, the roar of cannon and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I passed along the wharves, filled my mind with sensations as painful (considering the reverse of this scene which may be the case after all my labors to do good) as they are pleasing."

There was still some delay. The question arose in Congress by what title the President should be addressed. Some proposed "His Excellency;" others, "His Highness;" others, "His Serene Highness." One party wished him to be addressed as "His Highness, the President of the United States of America and Protector of their Liberties." It was wisely concluded, however, after many days' debate, that he should have no title except the simple name of his office, "President of the United States."

It was on the thirtieth of April that the ceremony of the inauguration at length took place. At nine o'clock in the morning religious services were performed in all the churches of the city. At twelve o'clock, the military companies of New York halted before the door of Washington's residence, and, a half an hour after, the procession moved in the following order: First, the troops; next, the committees of both Houses of Congress in carriages; next, the President-elect in a grand state-coach; next, his aide-de-camp and his secretary in one of the General's own carriages; and the procession was closed by the carriages of the foreign ministers and a train of citizens. When the head of the procession had reached the Hall, it halted, the troops were drawn up on each side of the pavement, and between them General Washington and his attendants walked to the building and ascended to the Senate chamber, where the Vice-President advanced to meet him, and conducted him to a chair of state.

The whole assembly sat in silence for a minute or two, when the Vice-President rose and informed General Washington that all things were now ready for him to take the oath which the Constitution required; and, so saying, he conducted the President-elect to a balcony, in full view of the people assembled in the street and covering the roofs of the houses. In the centre of this balcony, there was a table covered with crimson velvet, in the middle of which, upon a cushion of the same material, lay a richly bound Bible. The eyes of a great multitude were fixed upon the balcony at the moment when Washington came into view, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Chancellor of the State of New York, and other distinguished official persons. He was dressed in a manner which displayed the majesty of his form to excellent advantage. His full suit of dark brown cloth was relieved by a steel-hilted sword, by white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles; and his hair was powdered and gathered into a bag behind, in the fashion of that day. The crowd greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. Coming forward to the front of the balcony, he bowed several times to the people, with his hand upon his heart, and then retreated, somewhat hastily, to an arm-chair near the table, and sat down.

When all was hushed into silence, Washington again rose, and came forward, and stood in view of all the people, with the Vice-President on his right, and Chancellor Livingston, who was to administer the oath, on the left. When the Chancellor was about to begin, the Secretary of the Senate held up the Bible on its crimson cushion; and, while the oath was read, Washington laid his hand upon the open book. When the reading was finished, he said, with great solemnity of manner:

"I swear; so help me God!"

After which, he bowed and kissed the book. The Chancellor, then, waving his hand toward the people, cried out:

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!"

The preconcerted signal was then given, and, at once, all the bells in the town rang a triumphal peal; the cannons were fired; and the people gave cheer upon cheer. The President now bowed once more to the multitude, and returned to the Senate chamber, where he resumed his seat in the chair of state. When silence was restored, he rose and began, in a low, deep, and somewhat tremulous voice, to read that noble inaugural address, so full of dignity, wisdom, and pathos. The opening sentences were singularly affecting:

> "*Fellow Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives:*
>
> "Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the 14th day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision, as the asylum of my declining years: a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary, as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health, to the gradual waste committed on it by time. On the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one, who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is, that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be effected. All I dare hope is that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow-citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated."

He then proceeded to give an outline of his opinions respecting the policy to be adopted by the new government, and concluded by a Psalm-like invocation:

> "Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquility, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity on a form of Government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness, so his divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this Government must depend."

After the address, the President and Vice-President, followed by both Houses of Congress and a large number of officers, civil and military, walked to St. Paul's church in Broadway, where a religious service was conducted by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of New York. It was a universal holiday in the city, and in the evening many houses were illuminated, and there was a display of fire-works.

WOMAN-WORSHIP.

That man-worship is degrading, unrepublican, detestable, every American will admit, although as the late Recorder Riker might have said, "it is a good deal practised in this community." But woman-worship, what shall we say of that? It is a ticklish subject to handle, for the ladies—some of them at least—think they were made to be adored and are jealous of their prerogative. We all know that

> "The world was sad, the Garden was a wild,
> And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

What was his first impulse *when* she smiled the poet leaves us to conjecture. Perhaps, electrified by her beauty, he bent his knee in homage. Going to sleep as he did a disconsolate bachelor, and waking as he did with a lovely wife by his side, it is not difficult to suppose that he became upon the instant somewhat uxurious. Small blame to him if he prostrated himself before her, placed her pretty foot upon his neck, and swore to be her slave forever. But woman is not a novelty in these days. She does not take us by surprise, and there is rather more of her in the world than there is of man. Ought she then to expect the same devotion that she received when she was a scarcer article, and the other sex was not as well acquainted with her as it is at present? She complains, as a strong-minded individual, that she is denied her rights as the intellectual equal (not to say superior) of the creature with a beard—that he presumes upon his muscle and his whiskers, and oppresses her. She complains also, as a weakling, that she is not treated with the tenderness and respect to which her defenceless condition and great need of protection entitle her. There may be some justice in both complaints, yet upon the whole does she not, in civilized and Christian society, receive quite as much homage and indulgence as is consistent with her own good? We think the decision must be in the affirmative.

THE PENALTIES OF POPULARITY.

"The labor we delight in physics pain," but the "man of the people" who really takes pleasure in the hard work of receiving and reciprocating the orations made at him and letters written to him by his friends and admirers, must be gifted with an immense amount of energy, supplemented by a proportionate share of love of approbation and self-esteem. To be besieged by committees, serenaded by brass bands, epistolized at the rate of half a bushel of letters per day, and haunted by reportorial spies, cannot, one would think, be particularly amusing. Yet these are only a small part of the penalties of celebrity in this free and easy land. The popular man cannot even call his right hand his own. Everybody has, or claims to have, a right to shake it. When Lafayette was in this country, the flexors and extensors of his dexter arm became so sore with incessant exercise that he was compelled to wear the limb in a sling, and substitute his left for public purposes until the inflammation had subsided. Mr. Clay often complained of the fatigue he underwent while being subjected to the pump-handle process; and even Old Hickory's tough biceps sometimes succumbed to the vigor of the democratic bone and sinew. In short, it requires a frame of iron and a mind as elastic as a spiral spring, to sustain the pressure of popularity in this enthusiastic republic. Our distinguished men have no privacy. They are, in fact, the people's slaves, which is rather hard in a free country. Does the honor compensate for the annoyance? Is the game worth the candle? It may be to some folk—indeed it *is*, or they would not "seek the bubble reputation" regardless of the wear and tear of mind and body which it involves; but, looking at the matter philosophically, it seems to us that comfortable obscurity is preferable to continuous glorification.

Mr. Bonner in Reply to Commodore Vanderbilt.

LEDGER OFFICE, 90 Beekman Street,
NEW YORK, Oct. 18, 1867.

MY DEAR COMMODORE: The good-natured contest between you and myself for the ownership of the fastest trotting horse in the world is attracting increased attention on account of the recent performances of Mountain Boy, and your published letters concerning him. I have observed the challenge by your trainer, which I rather expected to see you disavow, as you know I never enter any of my horses in a public race. That certainly is not necessary to test the relative speed of horses. No one can concede more cheerfully than I do the merits of your admirable horse. His best performance—reckoning as his the 2:24 in which he was beaten by both Thorn and Lucy—was only six-and-three-fourths seconds—or at Dexter's rate of going, between seventy and eighty yards—behind Dexter. Whenever your horse shall have closed up this gap, and have equalled Dexter's time—2:17¼—and he needs nothing but increased speed and bottom to do this—it will be soon enough for me to further respond to your publications. Until then, my dear Commodore, I shall remain—and I think the happy relation promises to continue a good while—as ever,

Sincerely yours, ROBERT BONNER.

Helping a Poor Jockey's Family.

At the hurdle race at Jerome Park, on the 1[illegible] October, the rider of one of the horses, a well-[illegible] jockey named Cassidy, was killed, whereby [illegible] and children were left in impoverished circu[illegible] Immediately after the occurrence of thi[illegible] Mr. HOSEA B. PERKINS, of Fort Washin[illegible] suggestion of Mr. CHARLES KERNER, th[illegible] the Clarendon Hotel, raised nearly [illegible] dollars for Cassidy's family. Mr. HA[illegible]ton, at the horse (which he owned) that [illegible] proprieto[illegible] when the accident occurred, to [illegible]hree thous[illegible] had accidentally and unintention[illegible]GGOTS also g[illegible] so expeditiously and praisew[illegible]assidy was rid[illegible] PERKINS have been placed in [illegible]e widow which of CHARLES BATHGATE, for in[illegible]ly made. The fu[illegible] of Cassidy's family. The sp[illegible]hily raised by [illegible] action of Messrs. PERKINS [illegible]e trustworthy han[illegible] reflects the highest credi[illegible]stment for the bene[illegible]taneous generosity a[illegible]d KERNER in this matt[illegible] on those gentlemen.

The Peo[illegible]le who Amuse Us.

If mountebank[illegible]s can keep the inhabitants o[illegible] this city in a jubil[illegible]nt frame of mind, they are not like[illegible]ly to suffer from [illegible] hypochondria. Theatres multiply in our midst with [illegible] extraordinary rapidity, and professors of the art of [illegible]amusing visit us in swarms. We have every variety [illegible] of the genus, from the great artist and *artiste* to th[illegible] low juggler and coarse buffoon, and they all mak[illegible] money out of us. It does not take any marvellous a[illegible]ount of talent to tickle us. Any actor or actress, [illegible] dancer, or sleight-of-hand fellow, or tumbler, or m[illegible]erry-andrew that has, or ever has had, a moderate[illegible] "European reputation," is pretty sure of full houses [illegible] and full pockets in New York.

FALLING CHESTNUTS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

Ah! then, as now, the torch of Autumn glowed,
And gorgeous banners hailed the staid new-comer;
Ah! then, as now, through all the forest flowed
This hazy lustre of our Indian Summer.

Through the brown aisles, I see the yellow sheaves
Heaped in the fields like wigwams of the savage—
The old log-barn, whose rotting roof and eaves
Betray the impress of Time's speedy ravage.

I hear, as then, in the old pasture near,
The oxen patiently the stale grass cropping;
And the soft sound, so pleasant to the ear,
Of full-blown chestnuts from the brown boughs dropping.

And I remember me of other days,
How brown-eyed Isabel and I together
A nutting went among these woodland ways,
All in the heart of the deep amber weather.

The trees were clothed as for a feast of gold,
And the whole world in a soft-dying glory,
With here and there a holier splendor rolled
Where the still sunshine tipped the hemlocks hoary.

A single sumach, like a fount of fire,
Flashed at the turnstile, with a gleam that lightened
Far in the depths, where, like a kindling pyre,
Oak, ash and chestnut caught the flame, and brightened.

We broke the huddled clusters from the burs,
And brimmed our basket with the dark-brown treasure;
Sometimes, by accident, my hand touched hers,
When all else died in that sweet thrill of pleasure.

The golden woodlands grew far-off and dim—
A fairy's wand the mellow lustre banished;
For Love's glad vistas opened like a dream,
And all I knew of earthly beauty vanished.

O, Belle! your hair a richer gold did bring
To the old wood than Autumn's gorgeous vying;
You seemed a spirit of the fresh, green Spring,
To kiss the eyelids of the old year dying!

From tree to tree we rustled slowly on,
By field and slope and by the flowing river,
Till to the farm our steps were slowly drawn,
And there we parted—parted there forever!

Now, sad the woodlands, to the heart that grieves,
Despite the splendor of their overtopping;
And sadder still that patter in the leaves
Of full-blown chestnuts from the brown boughs dropping.

A year-round Spring one form can aye impart,
One face look April through the sere leaves flying;
But Memory's sadness must remind the heart
That the leaf's splendor is a sign 'tis dying.

ABNER GAULT;

OR,

THE HAND OF FATE.

By MARY KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XV.

ABNER RUNS AWAY.

The next morning old Parker aroused Abner by cries and lamentations, and brought him to the door of his room with a look upon his young face it was pitiful to see there, to ask, in a voice which did not sound sincere:

"What is the matter, Mr. Parker?"

"'Nuff's the matter," said old Parker. "I've been robbed by a pesky rat. I heerd him scratchin' yesterday, and here is a hole in the chest, and two o' them loaves o' good stale bread I fetched in yesterday gnawed about up. I allers knew I should die in the poor-us. I allers knowed it. And here's a good chest spiled tew."

Abner smiled maliciously, but Pettibone Parker had his head down nearly against the floor and did not see his face.

"You'll hev tew run over somewhere and borry a rat-trap and a bit of cheese," said he; "and pick up a stick tew toast it with as yew come back. Why, the hole is the breadth o' my hand a'most. The hull tribe o' rats could get into it. And see the way they've eat up the crumbs. It's a dreadful thing fur *me*, poor as I am."

Abner put on his old garments with immense alacrity, and went out to borrow the trap. All the way across the fields and back he laughed to himself, and he had hard work to keep his face straight while the old man tinkered up the chest and set the trap.

"There'll be an eend of Mr. Rat to-morrow," he said; "and when he's cotched you and me'll drown him, Aby, in a bucket o' water."

Then he took the loaves out of the chest and pared away the pieces which the supposed rat had gnawed, and gave the boy his breakfast.

Abner was gone, playing amongst the woods, or stealing berries and eggs as usual, all day; but at night he went home earlier than usual. Old Parker was watching the trap.

"I think I've heerd him squeak twice, Aby," he said. "If 'twasn't a rat, 'twas the rusty vane on the ruff; but I reckon 'twas a rat, so we'll hev him. We'll go to bed airly tew give him a chance. I kin see him now, Aby, with his nose at the bars and his tail through the other side trying to get out. It'll be famous fun—famous fun; and we won't want tew eat much, you know, on account of goin' tew bed so airly."

Abner said nothing, but retired without delay. He did not undress, however, but laid down in his clothes just as he was, and listened until he heard the old man snore. Then he arose, and, taking from his pocket an old knife, crept on tip-toe to the door of the room, and across the larger one, to the old chest, in which he cautiously began to dig a hole. The wood was old and rotten and easily yielded to the knife, and soon an aperture was made in which he could put his hand. Then Abner stopped, and began to play the hungry rat. With nails and fingers he dragged out crumbs and bits of crust and devoured them, and at last took the bit of cheese from the trap and eat that also. Then he went back to bed again, waking only at the sound of old Pettibone's voice as it screamed shrilly:

"Oh, Abner, Abner, the critter has made a new hole and has got off cheese and all."

"Oh, no rat could do that," said Abner.

"Come and look," said Pettibone. "Oh, rats [illegible] cunning, Abner. I've heerd lots of stories [illegible] 'em. They're the cunningest critters ever [illegible]; they air jest the cunningest. But I'll [illegible] I'll have pison, ef I hev tew buy it, [illegible]ll be an eend o' the pesky critter."

[illegible]night the miser plastered a crust with [illegible]e, and retired with the fond hope that [illegible] enemy in his clutches at last. [illegible] ratsba[illegible]d his knife were at work again [illegible]ing his [illegible] the bread was as much dimin[illegible] Abner a[illegible] and the hole was twice as [illegible] night, and [illegible]one mended it once more, [illegible] if not more[illegible]d all day, and this sort of [illegible] So old Pettib[illegible]re than a fortnight, and [illegible] fretted and fum[illegible]vered with patches, so [illegible] went on for m[illegible]hink of coaxing Abner [illegible] chest was quite c[illegible] the keeping of the [illegible] Pettibone began to [illegible] let him use his trunk f[illegible] the aching pains [illegible]ad.

As for Abner, he had less o[illegible]wise he was no [illegible] hunger to bear; but other[illegible] mean and bad. [illegible]appier. He was not naturally [illegible]ed upon him. [illegible] this had been in a manner for[illegible] to bed to eat, [illegible] had begun to carry the bread [illegible]der the clothes, [illegible]ing his cap, and hiding it un[illegible]g some crumbs [illegible], as a natural thing, leavi[illegible] discovery at last. [illegible]ere, and this brought about a [illegible]mething in this [illegible] Old Parker, rummaging for s[illegible]n the blankets, [illegible] room, espied a crumb or two up[illegible]egan to have a [illegible], crumbs not being plenty, [illegible] suspicion that all was not right.

That night, instead of going to bed, he hid in the tall press, and, holding the door shut in the inside, peeped through a crevice.

The moonlight filled the room, falling through the broken upper half of a shutter, and all was as still as death. No rat was nibbling under the surbace, but the bed in Abner's room creaked strangely.

Abner was listening for the usual heavy snore which announced the old man's slumbers, and was anxious because he did not hear them. It was cold in the press, too, very cold. But cold or not, there the old man determined to watch. Whether it were a rat or Abner who stole the bread, the thief should be punished.

It was twelve o'clock, still not a sound was to be heard. Then there was a little patter as of bare feet upon the floor, and in a minute more old Parker saw Abner stealing past the press, glancing toward the closet where the old man's bed stood, and moving almost noiselessly.

The old man watched, with a furious gleam in his gray eye; and, when at last the knife began its work upon the rotten wood, darted out of his hiding place, and pouncing upon the boy, began to beat him furiously with his thick oaken stick which he had taken into the press with him.

"You're the rat, air ye?" he gasped, between whiles. "Yew that I've gorged and stuffed and gin lodgin' tew so long. Yew that have cost me no eend o' good money. I'll rat ye. I'll pison ye. I'll show ye heow tew fool me agin. I wish murder wasn't agin the law, that's all I wish. I'd murder ye. I swow tew man I would."

And as he raved he aimed blows at the head and shoulders of the boy, who in is turn struggled to free himself.

Old Pettibone Parker's arm was weak with age and wretched living; but he contrived to bruise Abner a good deal, and the boy smarted with wrath and pain. When at last he was released, he slunk away into his bed-room, and was bolted in by the old man, who feared another raid upon his bread before the hole was repaired, and thus secured himself.



PETER PLUMB MAKES A CALL.

"I can't stand it," muttered Abner to himself. "I won't. I'll get away somewhere. I can earn enough to eat, somehow, I know. If I could get to New York maybe Mr. Crub would tell me what to do. Maybe that nice carpenter, who lived upstairs where we did, would let me learn his trade. I won't stay and starve and be beaten."

Then he looked at his filthy clothes, and remembered how the kind schoolmaster's wife had given him such careful directions about the care of his hair and hands and clothes.

"I've got my black clothes safe anyhow," he said; "and my shirt was pretty clean, and I can wash and comb my hair, if I must go barefoot."

And he lifted the lid of his long-forgotten trunk and took out the garments. It was new to have even a whole shirt on, and he buttoned it nicely at the wrists, and tied on his black ribbon. But, alas! when it came to the still glossy suit of mourning, Abner actually began to cry. He had grown rapidly during the past months, and it was quite impossible to get the garments on, struggle as he might to do so. If he went upon his journey, he must do so in old Pettibone's cast-off pantaloons, cut short about the knee, with but the faint shadow of respectability bestowed by the white shirt and the neck-ribbon.

Suppose some of his old schoolmates should meet him thus, thought Abner. Those boys who had always seen him so neat and trim; or if they did not, why other boys might laugh at him or mock him. He had not cared, or had learnt not to care, in those Jersey woods, but in the streets of a city it would be so much harder. But just then another respectable point was discovered. His cap would go on, and that was something.

"I want to go to New York," he said, with something of his old bright look, "and I won't let this stop me. I'll go if I can live to get there."

And with a childish fancy that it would look better to have a bundle with him, he tied up the outgrown clothes, slung them on the end of a stick, which he had cut in the woods, lifted the window and clambered out of it into the bare space about the old house.

The round yellow moon was setting behind the blackness of the distant woods. Everything was still and calm. Abner put his bundle down and went to the old pump and washed his face and hands and ran his fingers through his curly wet hair. Even this primitive toilet was a rare thing to him, and he felt better for it. Then he picked up his bundle and trudged along, making his way toward the road by which he knew a stage passed in the early morning in the direction he desired to take.

He had been hopeless and objectless so long that the thought that he might, at last, meet some of those friends of his made a different being of him. He was hungry and sore with blows, and penniless, and ignorant of the proper means of reaching his destination, but he was for all that happier than he had been for a long while.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

The stage-driver, finding Abner waiting upon the road and having had just enough of something hot to make him good-natured, was willing enough to give the boy a lift. He went three miles in the right direction, he told Abner, and after that he would find many a cart and waggon to do him the same turn.

"But you've got a piece to go yet," he said, "and you're only about the middle of New Jersey now. You're a little chap to be going all alone to New York."

"Am I?" said Abner, thinking of his clothes; "I've grown a good deal, though, lately."

"Likely; you look like as you was shootin' up," said the man. "How old *are* you now?"

"I'll be thirteen soon," said Abner.

"I reckoned you was about that," said the man. "Haint you no kin to take keer of you?"

"No, I'm an orphan," said Abner.

"Well, Lord help ye then," said the man; "it's a poor kind of a world to get along with, unless you've got either friends or money. I reckon you ha'n't much of that last."

Abner shook his head.

"But I shall find some friends in New York, I hope," he said.

There was nothing of the stuff of which mendicants are made in his nature. The thought of telling how poor he really was, with a view to exciting compassion, never entered his mind. He saw the man glance at his bare toes with a flushed cheek.

"It saves shoes not to travel in them," he said, "and I've got some other clothes here in my bundle."

The driver nodded, and being at a tavern door where he was to wait for a few passengers, alighted for a moment, leavng the reins in Abner's hands. When he returned he had a pie in a brown paper, and before he drove on he broke it in two and handed one half to the boy, with a good-humored "Here, young 'un."

"No, thank you, sir," said Abner—so hungry, even while he said it, that he could have eaten the stalest crust in any beggar's basket.

"Nonsense, I can't eat the hull," said the driver. "Take it."

And Abner, thus urged, accepted the offer. It might be his lot to sit at many a luxurious banquet in the time to come—he might taste the rarest luxuries the world could offer; but never in all his life could anything seem so delicious as that huge section of home-made apple-pie.

He was so faint, so hungry, and the rough, good-natured man pressed him to take it. Abner never forgot the delicious taste nor the kindly act as long as he lived.

Perhaps the driver, who had led himself a rough-and-tumble life, guessed that the boy might stand in need of it. Perhaps it was only a good humored wish to please a child; but the food helped Abner to new courage. At the fork of the roads, when the stage stopped and he jumped down, he said:

"Thank you very much, sir."

"O, that aint nothin'," said the driver. "You go the way I pint, and some one'll give you a lift, and good luck to you."

And the stage drove on. In a minute it stopped again.

"Hullo!" cried the driver.

Abner turned.

"I say," said the man, "if you happen to be in New York, I'm there sometimes; I stop at the Hackman's Rest, No. 4 ——— street. Ask for Dick Dutton. Good-bye. They'll tell you when I'd be likely to be down. You remember the name, young 'un?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you," said Abner, and the two parted.

As he trudged along the dusty road, Abner fell to thinking of how he should live upon his journey. He had been used of late to very poor fare, but bread, even were it stale and dry, must be paid for. He knew enough to know that in these country places there were odd jobs to be had by which, at least, a meal could be earned, and it was his plan to get something of this kind to do, and to sleep under bushes or on the lee side of barns and out-buildings. But it is easier to plan than to perform. Every post seemed filled. There was nothing for another hand to do anywhere, and night began to draw on apace and a storm to gather, and still he was wandering along the road with no prospect of food or shelter.

He had felt very manly and very confident of success all along; now his heart sunk a little. Close on the borders of a little village he sat down under a tree to rest, and began to wonder whether, after all, he might not feel afraid alone under the sky at night. Thoughts of kind Mrs. Gault and her fond good-night kiss, when she came to take away his candle and "tuck him in," made the present seem even more dreary. The child covered his face with his hands and shed bitter tears. He longed to be at rest beside the only mother he had ever known.

"Her little Aby, she used to call me," he said. "I wonder whether in Heaven, where she is gone, she can see what happens here. Oh, she would be so sorry for me. Oh, dearest mamma, if I could only hear your sweet voice say one word to me."

And as he spoke, a voice, neither soft nor sweet, broke upon his ear:

"Drat the men! There aint never one of 'em to help when a body needs 'em. How am I to fill the tubs and cook supper too. Nobody but Smith would have thought of living where the water was a hundred miles from the door."

Abner looked up. A fat woman, with a pail in her hand, was standing near the well talking either to herself or some invisible familiar.

"Drat the men *and* the well!" she said again, and banged the bucket down.

Abner stood up.

"Can't I help you, ma'am?" he said.

The woman turned upon him arms a-kimbo.

"You'd charge a penny a pail, I suppose," she said. "I can't afford that, and I won't give it. I tell you what, though, fill them three tubs by the door and I'll give you your supper."

Abner only said, "Yes, ma'am," but he felt very thankful. He accomplished his task and offered to do anything else, in a manner which pleased the woman, and she showed her contentment by heaping a yellow platter with fried ham and eggs and potatoes, and letting him sit at the kitchen table while he eat it. She asked him a great many questions, but Abner kept old Pettibone Parker's name to himself, lest by some means he should be sent back to him, and only said he was an orphan and travelling to New York to find some friends.

"And where are you going to stop?" asked the woman.

"I don't know," said Abner. "It's pleasant; I shouldn't mind sleeping out of doors."

"You'd have fever an' ague sure hereabouts," said the woman. "I tell you what, husband has a lot of hands just now, and if he's willing, you can sleep with them in the big garret. One more can't hurt for a night, and you look tired out."

Abner thanked her; and indeed he was so weary that his eyes would not remain open much longer; and the man of the house making his appearance just then, and growling "All right," in answer to his wife's proposition, Abner was conducted to a great, roomy garret, where, on fresh, sweet smelling straw, he fell asleep, and never stirred until daybreak. Then, amidst the song of birds, and the pleasant sounds of country life, he awoke refreshed; and having eaten breakfast, and paid for it by doing some odd jobs for the woman, went upon his way again. But that day was not a lucky one. No one wanted anything done, and he had neither dinner nor supper, save some berries he plucked upon the road, and an apple some one had bitten and flung away. At night he found himself in a lonesome sort of place, near a piece of woods, and, hopeless of finding better shelter, crept under a great tree, and put the bundle under his head for a pillow. It was very dark and still, and something solemn in the hour and spot reminded him of one too long forgotten lesson. He had not said his prayers for a long while; and as we all remember in moments of terror and anxiety the Maker whom we forget when nothing troubles us, it was natural that out of the mystic shadows of the wood should arise the thought that there was One whose eye was never closed by day or by night, and who could guard him from every danger; so, rising to his knees, Abner began to pray:

"Our Father which art in Heaven——"

The once familiar words were strange to him. He repeated them, and this time said the prayer through. As he uttered the "Amen," a hand came down upon his shoulder, clutching it firmly, and a rough voice said, in a sort of husky whisper:

"I say, who are you?"

The voice, being human, relieved Abner of the supernatural terror which had followed the clutch, but it superinduced fear of another kind.

"I'm—I'm a little boy, if you please," he said.

"Oh," said the voice; "what d'ye come here to pray for?"

"Because I meant to sleep here, sir," said Abner, discerning a stout figure at his side.

"Oh," said the man again, "we'll stay here, then. I rather like company, and they say praying and that kind of thing makes it pleasanter o' dark nights. What sent you out to sleep?"

"I'm travelling," said Abner.

"So am I," said the man, "and I suppose we're about equally well off for travelling expenses." And he uttered an oath. "Don't ever go to keeping a public house," he said, in a minute more. "Remember that when you're a man. Don't do it."

Then Abner began to see that his new friend was a little tipsy.

"No, sir. Why not?" he said, half amused, half terrified.

"You'll be ruined if you do, that's all," said the man. "Look at me. *I* did it. I had a thousand dollars when I begun, now I haven't a red. You haven't a drop of anything about you, young un?"

"No, sir," said Abner.

"Neither have *I*," said the man. "Well, it can't be helped. You're better company than a fellow's thoughts. I'm glad you're come, young un. Ugh! You didn't see anything, eh?"

"No," said Abner, "only the bushes and the moon just rising."

"It's the moon, is it?" said the man. "I thought it was a white face looking at me. Her's, you know."

"Who's?" asked Abner.

"Never you mind, young un," said the man in more tipsy tones. "I don't tell secrets that'll hang me. You go to sleep. I'll protect you."

And, with a hiccough, his head dropped on his bosom, as Abner saw in the increasing light of the moon, and in a moment more he began to snore heavily.

He was certainly not a pleasant companion, but Abner was not sure but that anything was better than utter solitude; and putting his head down upon his bundle, slept also before many moments had passed as calmly as he had ever slept in the pleasant home he so well remembered.

When Abner awoke next morning, he found his companion still asleep, and had a chance to examine him at leisure.

He was by no means a young man, and he was evidently a grossly dissipated, brutal fellow, who had spent his life in the worst possible way. He muttered and moaned as people, whose consciences are not easy, do in the moments between sleeping and waking, and tossed and turned uneasily on his comfortless couch. At last he fairly awoke, with an oath and a muttered "Who the deuce are you?" which startled Abner, who, recalling some of his fairy lore, thought that some of valiant Jack's giants must have resembled this friend of his very much indeed.

But the next speech was friendly in intent:

"Oh, you're the little chap that came to say his prayers and go to sleep like a good boy," he said, with a yawn. "I see. What's yer name?"

"Abner Gault," said the boy.

The man, who had been lying on his back, started up into a sitting posture with a kind of suppressed growl as he said this.

"Abner Gault?" he cried.

"Yes, sir," faltered the boy.

"Where d'ye come from?" asked the man. "At first, I mean."

Abner named the place where his earliest years were spent.

"Down on Long Island?" said the man.

"Yes."

"And where are your folks?" asked the man.

"I haven't any," said Abner. "My real mother and father were both drowned, they say, and my other mother is dead."

And he turned his head away to hide his tears.

The man uttered an oath, then burst into a roar of laughter.

"Talk about *luck*," he said. "Talk about luck. Why, it's throwed at your head when it does come. Why, young un, I've been looking for you for ever so many years, I have, and here you pitch yourself alongside of me when I thought the chances were over. Hurrah! Give us your hand, lucky penny. Lord knows what you mayn't be worth to me. Hurrah!"

Abner thought the man was either out of his mind or tipsy still, and sat quite motionless, feeling a little frightened; but, mad or not, the fellow was in a friendly mood, and seemed by no means disposed to harm him.

"Why, you are worth feeding, do you know *that*, young un?" he said, with a sort of brutal pleasantry that was by no means enchanting. "I'll give ye yer breakfist. See here,—ship biscuit and cheese. You go ahead and eat, and then you'll look a little better. I've got an interest in your life, though you mayn't know it; I have, indeed, young un. Ha! ha! ha!—to have luck pitched at you that way. I wonder what I've done to get into such favor with the Old Boy."

And he spread on the grass a brown paper containing the delicacies alluded to, not over clean, and somewhat crushed and broken by being laid upon.

But Abner—poor fellow!—had served an apprenticeship to dirt with old Pettibone Parker; and, seeing the food and feeling himself welcome, he fell to work with an appetite.

The man looked on, laughing at intervals, and eating but little himself, though he drank a great deal from a bottle which he took from another pocket, and which he offered to Abner when the last crumb was swallowed. The boy took one draught, but the taste was very disagreeable to him, and the liquor burnt his throat. In the times when he was taught any thing, he had been taught that it was "wrong to make remarks about any thing you eat at another person's table;" and, as this mound of grass was, for the present, to all intents and purposes, a table, he did not even spit the vile stuff out, but swallowed it heroically, declining another sip on the plea that he had enough.

"You're going to New York, eh?" said the man.

"Yes, sir," said Abner.

"Very well; I'm going too," said the man; "and you keep with me, and I'll see to yer grub. You're worth it to me, you are. Ha-ha! this is jolly! Come along."

And he arose, stretched himself and, beckoning Abner to follow, strode away. Abner obeyed. It seemed to him a mere absurd whim on the part of the man—either a tipsy hallucination or a jest—that he had been in search of him for so long a while. It never occurred to him to think it the serious truth. Though the truth it was, without jest or equivocation. The man talked a good deal as they walked along; and Abner, after a while, asked his name.

The man laughed.

"Well," he said, "as for my name—I've got more'n *one*, my young fellow. I've been called by several, but I'll give you the one I was christened by, if ever I was christened at all, which I doubt,—that's Peter Plumb. By Jingo! I wish I'd kep' it. Don't you ever go into the public-house line, young un, if you have a streak of luck."

"No, sir," said Abner, "I don't think I should ever want to."

"Now that's sing'lar," said the man, "why when I was jest *so* high"—and he held his hand a few inches above the ground—"I used to get my mammy's medicine bottles and tumblers, and play a-keepin' tavern. Why, it's jest the fascinationest thing you ever knowed. I kep' on a-hankerin' arter it until I was growed up, I did. I've went and bought tickets in lotteries, thinking I'd draw money to start a tavern. Never drawed a red, though; and, when I was in a good, reg'lar bizness, might have satisfied me, and was gettin' along good, I'd think now if I only had a tavern. Well, thirteen years ago, this fall, there was a streak o' luck come. A lady wanted a job done, and was willing to pay heavy for it. 'Twarn't nothin' very dangerous; but she paid heavy. I had my money, and I set up a tavern. I was happy jest once in my life; never was before, never will be agin. But I was jest as happy as git out; and I went in and out to look at it twenty times a day. I had a nice winder fixed up, with my name on a shade, and I had my mahog'ny counter, and a big stove, and no end o' spitoons, and lots o' glasses and cheers, and everything a feller could have to make himself comfortable; and it fetched genteel company, that I'd ollers hankered for about me. There was two men. You mayn't believe me, but there was two men that had fought in the Ring—the Jovial Smasher and the Pride of the Plucky Uns. Jim Briggs and Bill Baggs was their real names; and, when such men as them was 'round, why, you may guess, there'd be more to profit by their conversation and admire 'em. And there was my cellar for the fighting dogs and fowls, and my up-stairs room, where a gentleman could play a game or so without them their perlice comin' in with their impudence. It was too good to last. I could drink as much as I liked, and nobody to charge me anything. I got sarsy and stuck up, went ahead too fast; and there came a smash. Perlice come down on my customers, and spiled some o' the prettiest dog fights ever you see; and I was took up, and lots o' things happened; and there was a row and somebody shot. I didn't shoot him, as far as I know, though we were all high and all had our revolvers; and I was locked up a good spell. Then I calculated I'd change my name; and I've had a good many since, and I've —— Look here, young un, I've done one or two things I wouldn't do over, for my life——Ah!—there—hush! look! do you see it? A face looking over the bushes—a whited, old woman's face. Ah! ah!"

"There's no face there," said Abner.

"I saw it," said the man. "It's gone; but I

saw it. Young un, there's things in my life I'd give that there right hand and this here right eye—yes, *both* my hands and *both* my eyes not to have done. There's one thing——ah! ah! ah!—I did see it then—the old woman's face!"

And he uttered a terrible oath, and crouched down, hiding his face in his hands.

"Is it gone now?" he asked.

"I didn't see any thing," said Abner.

The man looked up.

"Don't think any thing of it," he said. "I've been drinking more'n is good for me, I suppose. It's this nasty woods, as dark as a coal-cellar. I hate the dark. Give me light, and plenty of grog and tobacco, and I won't have these spells. No matter; Lucky Penny, you're my fortune. I'll have every thing I want before long. I'll get rid of all this."

And he went upon his way with a miserable pretence of being very merry, which did not even deceive Abner, young as he was.

So the two proceeded on their journey; until, at last, sleeping sometimes in the woods, sometimes under church porches, and again in some good-humored farmer's barn, they reached the New York ferry and took their places in the boat, as weather-stained and travel-worn a pair as could be met with. Abner was conscious of this, but Peter Plumb cared nothing for his appearance. Sitting on the chain that guarded the bow of the boat, and looking toward the spires and roofs of the great city, he whistled shrilly, and chewed, and spat to the indignation of sundry German damsels, returning in all their finery from a Hoboken excursion; while Abner sat upon his little bundle hard by, ashamed of himself and of his companion. Mrs. Crub would feel sufficiently shocked by his own appearance he knew; and, if Mr. Plumb would go there with him, matters would be worse. But Mr. Plumb had no fancy of the kind, as Abner speedily discovered. He had plans of his own which were of too much importance to be disturbed by the plans, and hopes, and wishes of any one on earth, especially when these plans conflicted with his own as strongly as did those of the unconscious Abner.

The nearer the great city, the higher his hopes arose. A dozen times he called the boy by his favorite name, Lucky Penny. He was in mighty glee; and, as he took Abner by the hand to go ashore, he laughed boisterously.

"Talk of luck!" he said again, "here I've watched, and waited, and hunted for it, and it's pitched down to me like a bucket of water; and, this time, I'll keep hold of it."

And, whatever he might do with his luck, real or imaginary, Peter Plumb certainly kept hold of Abner, as they made there way through the streets of the noisy city. The boy was too much bewildered for a while to form plans for an escape from his now troublesome friend without offending him or hurting his feelings. At last, he said, a little nervously:

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Plumb, for being so kind to me, and I must say, good-bye! I want to find my friends, you know."

Peter Plumb laughed.

"Not yet, Lucky Penny," he said. "Not yet—you've got time enough; you must spend a day with me. I've got something for you to do, and a lot to do for you. I've taken a notion to you. Besides, your friends may be out o' town at their willas, you know, or gone to Saratogy."

This was meant for a great joke, and he roared in appreciation of its merits.

"You come along," he said, "and we'll have dinner first, and to-morrow, you can do what you choose."

And dinner was a temptation to Abner.

"Perhaps you might let me wash myself and comb my hair?" he said.

Experience at Pettibone Parker's having proved to him that such accommodations were not always to be had in every domicile.

"In course; wash as much as you like," said Peter Plumb, "and if you want to go a-visitin' in style, why there's no doubt I can find some duds for you. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Lucky Penny."

And, thus urged, Abner yielded, and went on with Peter Plumb. He went with him to some rooms over a low groggery, where he seemed to be well known; and there they had a rough sort of dinner and some beer afterwards. Abner had never tasted beer before, and it made him very drowsy.

Soon he was glad to avail himself of the man's permission to lie down on a rough cot-bed, and scarcely had he stretched himself out when slumber overcame him. Peter Plumb waited until he was sound asleep, and then, throwing a quilt over him and pulling down the shade, the better to insure his slumber, left the room, locking the door behind him and keeping the key safe in his pocket. Before he went he said something to the man behind the bar about being in luck and having plenty of money soon, and then went out into the street again, leaving the poorer parts of the city behind him, and turning at last into one which bore the stamp of wealth and aristocracy in every stone.

Carriages stood before many of the splendid doors, and elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen seemed the only persons to be seen, save the coachmen and footmen, who, in their way, were quite as fine, if not finer, and who stared at Peter Plumb scornfully. But the man returned their looks with interest, and kept upon his way until he stopped before a dwelling which had a peculiarly solid look about it, and which bore upon the door-plate the name of—Burleigh.

"All right," he said to himself as he shambled up the steps. "Now to see how much my lucky penny is worth. I'll make it worth something as sure as my name is Peter Plumb."

With which words he rang the bell loudly, and sat down upon the stone balustrade to await the answer.

That came speedily. A boy in a livery, set off with silver buttons, opened the door with an air which proved that he fancied such an imperative summons must indicate the arrival of a very distinguished guest. When he saw Peter Plumb, the youth looked indignant.

"What d'ye mean by ringing *here?*" he said. "Go to the basement if you must ring at all. Bless me, if I didn't think it was the President or somebody."

And he would have shut the door but that Mr. Plumb inserted his substantial person in the aperture and prevented the act.

"Your missus at home?" he asked.

"No," said the boy, "of course not."

"Go and see," said Peter Plumb.

"Will I?" said the boy, "and have the things in the hall walked off with. I guess so. Come, clear off."

"Call your missus," said Peter Plumb.

"I'll call the police," said the boy.

"You young rascal," said Peter, in a fury, "call Mrs. Burleigh or I'll make mince meat of you! What do you mean to insinuate? Here, let me pass!" And he strode into the front parlor. "Tell your missus a gentleman has called," said he, as the astonished young man followed him—"a gent on particular business. Haven't got a card or I'd send it up. Tell her the name of Plumb."

The boy, terribly alarmed, stood trembling in the doorway, and compromised the matter by screaming:

"Ann, Ann, there's a man will see missus. He won't come out. 'Taint my fault; you witness for me, Ann."

And a pattering of a woman's feet followed.

"Name of Plumb, he says," cried the boy, and after an interval there came an answer:

"Mistress says she'll see him. Show him into the reception room."

Peter grinned. The boy said:

"Come along, then," and ushered Peter into the little apartment on the other side of the hall, and shut him in.

In a little while the sweep and rustle of a woman's dress was heard, the handle of the door turned, and a lady stood before him—a fair woman, with some pretensions to beauty still, and white hands loaded with rings. She closed the door and stood looking at him, with a face quite calm and composed, save for a certain anxious look in the eyes.

Peter Plumb did not rise. The insolence of his lounging posture was intense. It was not boorish ignorance that caused him to remain seated. That was plain in every line of his face and figure. The lady, with her hands folded at her belt, leant back against the door, the folds of her costly dress sweeping over the scarlet carpet. It was natural that this conduct in a stranger should annoy her, and her brows knit over her frightened eyes, and a diamond on her finger glinted and sparkled as though her hand trembled.

"You asked to speak with me, I believe?" she said.

"Yes, I did," said Peter Plumb. "You remember me?"

"No," said the woman, "I do not."

"I sent my name," said Peter.

"Yes—Brown, I think," said the lady.

"Plumb," said Peter. "I'm the man who found your drownded brother-in-law that you was so fond of, thirteen years ago or thereabouts."

The lady's eyes glinted and gleamed almost as changefully as that gem upon her finger as she looked at the man; but her voice never quivered as she spoke:

"I remember you now. I offered a very large reward; you received it. There, I believe, all between us ended. My lawyer paid you, of course. He showed me the receipt."

"I was paid," said Peter; "but it don't all end there. You wouldn't want no more of that story to be told, I reckon."

"Why not? It was all done before the whole world," said the lady.

"Yes," said Peter Plumb. "But you didn't call on me in an old bonnet and veil to give me a hint about manyfactering a drownded brother-in-law before the whole world. You kept your face hid, but I knowed your hands and your voice. I'd swear to them. We've got to have a talk, mum."

The lady flashed a look upon him.

"Your suspicions are absurd," she said. "And you never saw the woman's face, you say. How dare you fancy that woman to be me. You can prove nothing. Besides, thirteen years are gone, and if my brother-in-law had not been drowned he would have returned long ago. You may have known the body was not his. I did not. I paid you your reward, you know, without believing myself deceived, otherwise I should have withheld it."

"You're acting purty well, mum," said Peter Plumb. "But, you see, I happen to know what I'm talking about. I'm fond of investigation, and it struck me that I might as well know what a lady could want of a drownded brother-'n-law. So I hunted up a neighbor's hired gal, and did a little courtin'. I was younger then, and I got all I wanted. There'd been a lady and a gent *and* a child at your house, and the girl knew that it was your brother-'n-law and his wife *and* his *child*, you see. And she knew, too, that her missus said he had all the money and property, and that you'd often told her that Mr. Albert Burleigh stood between your husband, Mr. Eugene Burleigh, and his money; as accordin' to a will, his children would stand between your child and the fortune. And then, as far as she knew, they rode away one day and took a sail and were drownded. And the gentleman was found—not the others."

"Every word of that is true, and everybody knows the whole story," said the lady. "What a very foolish man you must be." And she laughed. "I did not drown my poor brother-in-law and his family, and you can't make any one believe I could do such a thing."

"She didn't know any more," said Peter,—"the girl, you know,—except that they rode away in a hack driv by a fellow called Tom Burns. And so I hunted up Tom Burns to go on with the story, and he remembered taking the couple away. But he didn't drive 'em to any place where they could take a boat, but to a Long Island ferry; and I took that clue and followed it to a place some calls New Utrecht and some Bath. It's a bathing place. There they might have been drownded—your brother-in-law *and* his wife *and* his baby."

"So they might. It scarcely matters where they were drowned, poor souls," said the lady.

But the diamond on her finger glinted more and more, and her voice was not so steady.

"Well, so I thought," said Peter Plumb; "and I went and made a few friends about the place. There was a widder woman there that hired out boats, and she'd lost a son named Ben. He was drownded riding a young couple *and* a baby out in a boat; and she had heard, and could swear that she heard, the lady call her husband Albert. That was your brother-in-law's name, you know."

The woman looked at him without a word.

"The boy was drownded," said Peter, "*and* the gent *and* his wife and—no, the baby wasn't. The leetle tiny baby—that was saved by the other boy; and that was taken keer of by a widder woman by the name of Gault; a widder woman that kept a tavern; and nobody could find out who the baby belonged to, or who the parents were, though a lady did come down to speak about it, and to be *so* glad it was not her friends who were drownded—so glad, dear me!—a lady tall and slender and fair, who wore lots of rings and had light curls. You've put 'em up since, ma'am. Come, you see I know all about it. Just then I was as comfortable as I could be, and before long I got into a scrape and was sent to pay a visit to a stone house in the country, and when I came back the old woman and boy had moved. I couldn't find 'em, and I never did—the young un might have been dead for all I knew—until a day or two ago. Now I've got him safe. They told you what that baby was named, I suppose. Abner Gault. That's the name of the boy I've got—Abner Gault."

"Mamma," said a voice at the door, "let me in."

"In a moment, darling," said the lady.

And she looked at the man again.

"I do not believe a word of your story," she said. "But I do not want anything disagreeable to happen, and especially anything which might interfere with the prospects of my son. I would be willing to pay you not to make any ridiculous disturbance, although I really do not know how it could injure me."

"Stop," said Peter Plumb. "I won't stand any nonsense. Either tell me to do as I like and take this little Abner Gault to people who will know all about it, or deal with me up and down. I can keep this boy out of the way, and I will if I'm paid for it."

"Mamma," cried the young voice again.

"In one moment, my son," said the lady. "What will pay you for silence, then—a thousand more? You see I am liberal."

The man shook his head.

"So much a month," he said. "Give me a thousand, and I ruin myself again, I know it. A public house is what I've allers hankered after. Give me a hundred dollars every month, and while you pay it I'll be mum. Security for me *and* for you, you know."

"No, sir," said the lady, "let me be rid of you. I should be worn into the grave. Besides, how can I believe you? How could you have the boy in your care if there really is such a boy?"

Peter Plumb looked about the room. A great Bible lay upon a stand in one corner. He went up to it.

"See here, Missus," he said. "Now mark ye: I don't put my thumb under not to kiss it. I take my oath on this here that I have the boy, and that it is *the* boy, and that if you pay me I'll never tell what I know to a living soul, and that if you don't I will, and prove it. I kiss the book on that—I haven't put my thumb atwixt it—a genuine oath. Now do you believe me?"

She did. She knew he spoke the truth; and, holding the door still, she said:

"I will do what you wish. But you cannot come here. I must appoint some other place even to talk it over."

"There's no need of that," said the man. "No time like the present for me."

"Take a check for any sum you like," said the lady. "Take it at once; it will be better for you."

"No," said the man; "I know my weakness. I'll take it by the month. You can give a check to-day; I can't start a tavern on that. A hundred a month for me. Next time I come I'll come respectable, and send word it's the shoemaker. You remember that? the shoemaker."

"Mamma," cried the boy's voice again.

"Will you swear not to betray me if I comply with your demand?" said the woman.

"Nobody shall ever see the boy to know him," said Peter Plumb. "He knows nothing himself. I swear. Why I'd be a fool not to; and if you want proof, I'll show you the young un, and you can ask him about himself."

"Hush!" said the lady. "I told you before I would do anything for quiet—anything to avoid even a foolish disturbance. I will give you the check, and you shall be *my shoemaker*, as you say, and I will pay your bills monthly. I suppose your own self-interest is my security."

She took a check-book from her pocket as she spoke, and sat down to a table to draw the check, and Peter Plumb looked at her in amazement. He had expected a scene. She was as quiet as though fainting and hysterics were unknown to her. Her posture was graceful; her movements, as she advanced towards him, composed and with no sign of hurry in them.

Just as she placed it in his hand, the boy's voice cried impatiently:

"Mamma, mayn't I come in now?" And she said, "Yes," with a litle laugh.

Then the door opened, and a boy of thirteen years or thereabouts entered. A boy so like Abner Gault that Peter Plumb started. He turned, with a little haughty movement, towards the man, and then looked at his mother.

"Who is *that?*" he asked.

Peter undertook the answer.

"Your mother's shoemaker, my dear. She's just been paying memy bill."

"I wonder you don't make yourself some shoes," said the boy. "Ann thought you were a thief."

"Did she, now?" asked Peter, with a sneer.

"Yes," said the boy. "She said she expected you'd kill mamma, or rob the house; and she's been trying to listen at the keyhole, but she couldn't hear anything. So you're a shoemaker, eh? You're not so nice as Mr. Sales. I don't believe you can make 'em as well."

"Ah," said Peter. "Well, we'll see about that. As for you, my fine fellow, I suppose you expect to live on your fortune, and have no trade at all."

"I suppose I shall be very rich," said the boy.

"Ah," said Peter. "Now I know a boy who is very poor. [illegible] about your age. His name is Abner Gault. Wouldn't you give him your money if you knew him?"

"I'd give him *some*," said the boy.

"Ah, not all!" said Peter. "Well, we hope you won't be asked to. It would be hard. Good-bye, ma'am. I'll call next month with my little bill. I'm sure to suit you, you know; though my little man here does think I might make better shoes for myself. I think I'll get a pair. And you wouldn't like to give *all* your money to poor, little Abner Gault, my fine fellow. Only some."

And with a fiendish grin, Peter Plumb left the room and the house.

The boy stared after him in amazement.

"What a queer shoemaker," he said. "Why, I never saw such a man. He is like a beggar. What is that little boy he talked about? Abner Gault! Such a name. Is there really such a boy? He seemed to be making fun of me. Is there, mother?"

"I don't know," gasped the mother. "I hope not—I hope not, Eugene."

And she sank into a chair.

"Are you frightened, mother?" asked the boy.

Mrs. Burleigh was trembling violently. She clasped her hands together and held them over her heart.

The boy gave a cry.

"Oh, you are *so* white, mamma."

And as he spoke the lady swooned away; and Eugene, who had caught her in his arms, began to scream for help, and to cry that the shoemaker had frightened his mother to death.

The maid ran in at once; she was close at hand; and the lady came to her senses in a very short time. But she declared she was not frightened, but had felt ill all day.

"As for the man," she said, "he is a shoemaker and I've given him some orders. He used to be a respectable person once, but I'm quite sure he has taken to drink. It's a pity, poor man."

And she went up stairs to lie down, and Eugene sat beside her quietly until dinner-time. Then the two went down stairs together, and had their luxurious meal as usual, and Mrs. Burleigh did all she could to make her boy forget the strange visitor. But children remember well, and after she had played for him all the evening, and made him say his prayers at her knee, and undressed and tucked him into his little bed with her own jewelled hand, he lifted his curly, golden head with a little laugh:

"Wasn't it a funny name, mother," he cried; "Abner Gault. I do believe the tipsy shoemaker made it."

He had the name by heart. Mrs. Burleigh saw that, and knew that it was scarcely likely that once fixed upon his mind he should ever forget it. It was a terrible thing to hear him utter it, knowing all she did. But she only kissed him on the forehead and turned away, going to her own room, just beyond the boy's, to lie awake throughout the long, still night, and almost wish that she had dwelt with her son in decent poverty, and never striven to alter the decrees of fate.

"Why didn't the wretched baby drown with its parents," she said to herself; and then she found herself wishing that he would die now. If he were only dead, whatever shame disclosure brought to her, Eugene could not be robbed of his inheritance. At least, he might be put out of the way, taken to some foreign land. To know he was in their very city would be too terrible to bear. She was afraid of herself and her own thoughts. She dared not analyze them. "Surely, I wish the child no harm," she said again and again to herself. "I saw him in good hands, and my boy had as good a right, in justice, to this wealth as he. I would not harm him; but if he were to die, I should be free from fear and my darling safe. An innocent child, who would go to heaven, surely it is not cruel of me to wish that he were there."

Still she felt guilty, and the shadows in the quiet room filled her with vague terrors, and she dared not look from beyond the white folds of the lace curtains which draped her bed. How could she lie in her grave at rest had some one robbed *her* child of his inheritance! and the vision of the young mother, whom she had seen more than twelve years ago holding her young infant in her arms, and of her husband's brother smiling down upon his wife and child, made an awful picture for her memory to gaze upon. What if they should come, white and cold, their garments dripping with the waters of the bay, to upbraid her! What if their ghostly hands should put the lace aside, and the hollow eyes look into hers, and the spectral voices utter her name!

Almost as if they had been there, Mrs. Burleigh whispered, as she hid her face:

"I did it for Eugene's sake. I will do anything for that. He shall be rich and happy. My child is as much to me as yours could have been; and it is done now, I cannot undo it. No one must ever know the truth. Whatever happens, no one must ever, ever know it now.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HIS JOYS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

He always loved the roses when
They glittered in the vale or glen,
Because they seemed the symbols made
Of Beauty in sunlight or shade:
O, what was his great joy to see
That they so much resembled thee,
Dear, beautiful CAROLINE!

He always loved the lilies white,
Like nuns at some entrancing rite,
Because they seemed the symbols shown
Of Purity's own heavenly zone:
O, what was his great joy to see
That they so much resembled thee,
Dear, innocent CAROLINE!

He always loved the stars whose light
Shed sweet, mild splendor through the night,
Because they seemed that Heaven had not
The human race in clouds forgot:
O, what was his great joy to see
Their light so much resembled thee,
Dear, radiant CAROLINE,
Betrothed, fond CAROLINE!

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

To the travellers, the months that followed brought new impressions in their ever-changing scenes. They visited every locality most worthy of note in the countries through which they passed, and lingered at many a shrine hallowed by tender or heroic associations.

The two young girls attracted much attention; for their letters of introduction afforded our party an entrance to agreeable society in several cities in which they made a brief sojourn. They all spoke French with fluency, and they saw and enjoyed all that was best worth seeing in their tour.

A German baron, who boasted of his sixteen quarterings, and a French marquis of the *ancient régime*, laid the offering of their hands and hearts at the feet of *la belle Americaine*, as Opal was called wherever she appeared; but the baron was nearly old enough to be her grandfather, and the marquis had lost his fortune in one of the many revolutions of his native land. Much to their surprise, Opal declined bearing the title of either, for they had supposed that no American girl would be insensible to such a temptation.

With a mingled feeling of gratification and despair, Denham saw her turn from all others to himself with that frank freedom which their long attachment warranted. She could never be his, he thought, then why did he selfishly wish her to continue to cling to himself when she might, in time, learn to forget him, and find happiness in a congenial union with some good and noble man.

That bright, sweet nature was formed for domestic happiness. As a wife, a mother, Opal would be the delight of her home, the dispenser of happiness to all around her, yet he was leading her away from what might be to doom her to a life of celibacy, for he could never marry her, he feared. He saw no chance to prove his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and unless that were done, he could never ask Opal to give herself to him.

So long as no pretender worthy to win her appeared in the field as his rival, Denham repressed every outward indication of the struggle going on within him, but at length a harder trial came.

At Baden they met with a young Englishman of gentle birth, ample fortune, and gifted with the handsome person and sterling qualities of the best class of his countrymen. From the first evening of his acquaintance with Opal, Percy Egerton devoted himself to her, and soon showed in every way that he intended to win her consent to become his wife, if it were possible to do so. He would not be discouraged by her coldness, and he perseveringly followed her from place to place, till it became evident that he was desperately in earnest.

Mr. Egerton spoke to Mrs. Hastings; he gave her satisfactory proof that he was the possessor of many thousands a year in his own right, and was the next heir to one of the oldest baronetcies in England, to which was attached an ample rent roll. He ended by requesting permission to win her daughter as the sharer of all this grandeur, and Mrs. Hastings, dazzled and charmed with the proposal, undertook to prepare Opal to receive it favorably.

She sought an early opportunity to speak on the subject with her daughter, and she was surprised by the prompt refusal Opal gave.

"But, my dear," remonstrated her mother, "you will never have a better offer than this. You must marry some time, and to become Lady Egerton at no distant day will be a fine thing for you. You will take a good position in the best English society, be introduced at court, have every desire of your heart gratified."

"All save one, perhaps," replied Opal, with a sigh. "There would be no love in the contract, save on one side, and I will not wrong this noble young man by giving him my hand without my heart."

"But, Opal, I see no reason why you should not love Mr. Egerton. He is handsome, well-bred, intelligent, good-tempered, and desperately in love with you. What else is necessary to enable a girl to be happy with the man she marries?"

"Mamma, did you reason in that way when you accepted my father? No, you loved him truly and exclusively, or you would never have given yourself to him. Such affection as should hallow the marriage bond I cannot give to Mr. Egerton, and therefore I decline his addresses. I wish you to make him understand that he is no longer to pursue me; for I begin to find his lover-like demonstrations insupportable."

Mrs. Hastings looked searchingly at her and asked:

"Why should they be so, Opal? There is no rival, I am sure; for, since poor Godfrey's death you have seen no one in whom you seem to take much interest, save Guy Denham, and you must know that with *him* a union is impossible. He feels it to be so himself; nor would I consent to such a thing while the shadow of a doubt rests on him. Understand, my love, that I believe him as innocent of that awful deed as you or I are. I have proved that by my treatment of him; but even if you prefer him to all others, a gulf is fixed between you, and, knowing that, you surely will not sacrifice such brilliant prospects as are opening before you, and live on unwedded, cultivating a sort of platonic friendship that can never end in marriage. You are too sensible a girl for that, Opal."

Her daughter listened with paling cheeks and clouded brow. She sat silent many moments, but she finally said:

"Mamma, you do not mean to be cruel, but you are so. Let it suffice that I cannot accept Mr. Egerton, nor indeed any other man whom I do not love with all the strength of my soul. Once already have I given my hand where I knew my heart did not go. I now comprehend the wickedness of which I was then guilty, and I refuse to commit it again. I was young and thoughtless when I consented to marry Godfrey, and I will not repeat the error of my girlhood. Dismiss Mr. Egerton, if you please, for I can never be won to become his wife."

Opal arose as she ceased speaking, and hurriedly left the room. After reviewing all that had passed between them, Mrs. Hastings made up her mind that some energetic step must be taken to bring her daughter to her sober senses. She would appeal to Denham, ask his assistance to further the cause of his rival, and thus convince Opal that he cherished no such forlorn hope as she felt assured was the source of her daughter's refusal to become Mr. Egerton. She rang her bell and sent a message to him, requesting him to come to her as soon as possible, as she had something of importance to consult him about.

In a few moments Denham entered the room and sat down awaiting her communication, half fearing its nature, for he was aware of the interview which had lately taken place between Mrs. Hastings and the handsome Englishman. She plunged at once into the subject that was uppermost in her mind by saying:

"I have sent for you, Guy, to ask you to try and bring Opal to reason. She positively refuses to accept the most unexceptionable offer that any girl could have; yet she has no reason to give except that she is not violently in love with the young man. You can guess to whom I refer, as Mr. Egerton has made no secret of his preference for my daughter."

"Really, Mrs. Hastings, this is asking a great deal of me. I entreat that you will spare me such an ordeal as that. I have a horror of match-making, and Opal herself is surely the best judge of what will conduce to her own happiness."

"I don't think she is; and I believe that a few words from you will have more weight with her than all I can urge in favor of the match."

"Why should you imagine that, Mrs. Hastings? I do not flatter myself that I possess such influence with your daughter; and if I had it, I will be frank enough to say that I should shrink from using it."

"No, you would not, if you believed it right to do so, Guy. I know you to be an honorable and high-toned man, and I therefore appeal to you in a way that would be impossible with another. Your relations toward Opal are very peculiar and painful. I have long known that you are attached to her, and if a union between you were possible I would gladly give my consent to it. But you know better than any other how slight a prospect exists that you can ever be united to her. I ask you, for *her* sake, to show her how vain such a fantasy is; how ruinous to her future prospects. You cannot wish to keep her unmarried; she can never be yours, and I ask you to be generous enough to convince her of this by advocating the interests of the noble young man who now seeks her as his wife."

Denham started from his seat, and paced the floor in a whirl of conflicting feelings language would be feeble to depict. What he had himself thought and felt was here set forth before him in plain language, and he clearly saw his duty before him. It was a bitter struggle, but he conquered his own tortured heart, and, pausing before the expectant lady, hurriedly said:

"You are right, Madam. I am selfish to permit any thought of my own feelings to stand in the way of Opal's best interests. Since you wish it, I will speak to her. I will set clearly before her the advantages of this marriage, and thus far, at least, convince her that I have no hope of winning her myself. That, I believe, is all you require me to do?"

Mrs. Hastings took his hand in her own, and earnestly, almost tenderly, said:

"I have asked much of you, Guy, but not more than you will have strength to perform. If it could be, I would give her to you; but you know it cannot, and my child must not let her youth pass from her in the indulgence of a vain dream that can have no fruition. God bless you and sustain you under this trial, for I know it will be a heavy one to you."

"How heavy you nor any other mortal creature may ever understand," was the hoarse reply; and Denham hastily rushed from the apartment, to seek in his own for firmness and help in the cruel ordeal to which he had consented.

He must ask Opal not only to give himself up, but to bestow her hand on another; and at moments he felt as if death were preferable to the fulfilment of the task he had undertaken to perform. But his word was pledged, and he would redeem it at any cost to himself.

They were at that time in Venice, and in the afternoon he had engaged to go out with Mrs. Hastings and her daughter to visit some object of interest in the City of the Sea. The rest of the party preferred going to St. Marks, and Denham felt assured that the opportunity to speak alone with Opal would be afforded him by her mother.

At the last moment, when he and his fair companion were seated in the gondola, an excuse came from the elder lady, saying that she did not feel quite well, but insisting that the young people should go without her. Opal would have returned to her mother at once, but Denham gently detained her, and said:

"There is no impropriety in going alone with me, Opal. I am your brother, you know, and I have something to say to you at your mother's request. She has remained behind that I m[illegible] have an opportunity to speak with yo[illegible] private."

She sunk back on the seat with a viv[illegible]ld him upon her cheeks; but it faded into su[illegible]den pale-ness as she read the pained expressi[illegible]on of Den-ham's face. For what purpose ha[illegible] her mother contrived this interview between [illegible]two persons so intimately associated with each o[illegible]ther for months past? Had Guy at last spok[illegible]n of the passion she knew he cherished for [illegible] her, and won her mother's consent to address [illegible]er? Yet his sad face seemed to contradict such [illegible]a supposition as that.

The suspicion that Den[illegible]am intended to act as the advocate of another [illegible]never once entered her mind. There was a l[illegible]ng silence, which was in-expressibly painful [illegible]o him—ecstatically happy to her; for, if Denh[illegible]am broke through the reserve he had so long i[illegible]mposed on himself, she would show him how l[illegible]ghtly the opinions of the outside world were va[illegible]ned by her in comparison with the happiness [illegible]they might find together. She believed in hi[illegible], she trusted him, and all the rest was of littl[illegible] consequence in the estimation of her truly wom[illegible]nly heart.

At length De[illegible]ham spoke in a constrained tone:

"Opal, your [illegible]nother has been talking with me

about yourself and Mr. Egerton. She requested me to use in his favor such influence as she fancies I possess with you. I shrank from doing this, for I think you understand best what will be for your own happiness. But Mrs. Hastings would take no refusal, and I promised to place before you all the advantages of such a marriage. I——"

A cold hand was suddenly laid on his own. Opal's eyes were raised with a look of doubt and pain in them that went to his inmost heart. She faintly said:

"Stop, Guy. Don't ask me to make my mother's heart glad at the expense of all I hold dear in life. I could never have believed that *you* would accept of such an embassy as this to me."

Touched, bewildered, maddened for the moment, Denham suddenly wound his arms around her, and passionately cried:

"I would sooner die than see you give yourself to any other than myself; but, oh! my darling!—my heart's best treasure!—I can never hope to make you mine, wildly as I love you. I must not listen to the selfish promptings of my own heart, Opal; must not induce you to remain single for my sake. Pardon this outburst. I have done what I had pledged my own heart not to do; but in this moment I am very, very weak."

She suffered her head to rest a moment on his heaving breast; then, extricating herself from his embrace, she tenderly said:

"It is better so, Guy. I love you; let that console you, though we may never be able to overcome the obstacles to a perfect union. We can, at least, live in that hope; and that is better to me than the mockery of happiness my mother asks me to accept in a union with a man who deserves better of me than to give him a loveless hand. No earthly power shall again induce me to impose on myself the marriage bond with any other than yourself. I understand my own heart now, and I know that from my childhood I have preferred you before all others. I became the bride of Godfrey Fenton because my parents so earnestly desired it; but having yielded my own wishes to theirs in one instance gives me the right to act now for myself."

In spite of all his previous self-tormenting, Denham was, for a few moments, transcendantly happy, and the rapturous thanks he uttered filled the heart of Opal with a fulness of joy that, for a season, rendered her oblivious of everything save the presence of the one she loved, the tender protestations he was pouring into her ears.

But soon a bitter pang struck to the hearts of both, as the remembrance of their actual position returned to them, and in a tone of anguish Denham exclaimed:

"What cruel fate threw this blight upon our lives? We may live for each other, but *apart*, and I need you so much as the brightener of my life, as the sweet companion of my days."

"We shall never be widely separated, Guy. You can see me every day even after my return home; we can be the best of friends, always relying on each other, and waiting till God brings about some means of clearing you from that cruel charge. That He *will* do it yet, I feel the firm assurance, and till that day comes I can trust and hope."

"But in the meantime our youth may pass away—all the brightness of life be gone! Oh, my darling, it is asking too much of you to devote your beautiful youth to a hope that may prove vain at last. Aid me to be generous, Opal. Give me strength to relinquish you to a brighter lot than that."

She looked in his face and smiled tenderly and sadly, as she gently replied:

"*You* influence me to do nothing, Guy. My own heart alone prompts me to the course I have determined on. I shall live for you alone, whether our future union is possible or not. If you knew how much I suffered when I placed between your life and mine a barrier that I believed to be impassable, you would understand how impossible it is for me to do such a thing again. I am the betrothed of your soul, as you are of mine, and I can better live on in the hope of a future union with you, than in the gilded shackles my mother would induce me to assume. You may kiss me once, Guy, as the seal of our compact, and I pledge to you my promise that no living man shall take that kiss from my lips, till you are entitled to claim it as the husband of my choice."

Opal lifted her fair face, colorless as marble, in spite of the words she had just uttered, and Denham reverently and tenderly pressed his lips to hers. Then holding her a moment clasped in his arms, he fervently said:

"As I hope for happiness in Heaven, Opal, I will be true to this blissful compact. After what has just passed between us, no cloud of jealous suspicion can ever enter my heart. We may live on for years, unable to redeem the troth we have so solemnly plighted, but I begin to believe that even that will be better for you than giving your hand to another."

"It will be far better; and now let us return to the palazzo. In my present state of feeling, I cannot pay the visit we contemplated. To all others we will be as brother and sister still, keeping in our own hearts the certainty that nothing but death shall finally separate us. Tantalus-like, we can live on hope till the day arrives in which you can claim me as your bride in the face of all the world. That it *will* come I have faith to believe. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly'—you know the rest; and we will trust that for us it has some significance."

At the command of Denham the gondola returned on its course, and they went back to the palazzo in which they had their temporary abode.

He sought an interview with Mrs. Hastings, and in some confusion informed her that his embassy had utterly failed. She seemed greatly annoyed and disappointed, but with a sigh said that she expected no better from Opal's obstinate opposition to her wishes.

After a long conversation with her daughter, Mrs. Hastings reluctantly undertook to convey Opal's refusal to her suitor, and this she did so effectually that Egerton abruptly left Venice and set out for his own country.

A few days later our travellers set out for Rome, where they designed spending the Easter holidays to witness the religious festivals of the season.

After the explanation between Denham and Opal, both seemed happier than before, and the young girl, by her affectionate attentions to her mother, seemed to wish to atone for the disappointment she had inflicted on her.

CHAPTER LIX.

In the ancient part of Rome a lofty palazzo [illegible] in its grand dilapidation, a monument [illegible] object of undying interest to the antiquarian. During the middle [illegible] had been the residence of one of the [illegible] who made the city a scene of [illegible] feuds and discord, and many a grand gala [illegible] had been the scene of [illegible] presided. [illegible] youth and loveliness [illegible] the wing of modern [illegible] frescoed rooms a [illegible] preservation, and in [illegible] a pleasant home. [illegible] young stranger had found [illegible] her tastes and [illegible] comforts and elegances [illegible] bright morning in [illegible] April she sat beside a [illegible] through which the soft air fluttered, lifting the paper on which she was writing. She was still very young, though the dignity born of suffering sat on her lineless brow and breathed through the repose of her figure. She wore a black robe of some soft lustreless material, gathered in at the waist by a silk cord from which a rosary depended.

A white lawn coif fitting closely to the head, entirely concealing her hair, would have been fatal to the beauty of almost any other face, but on her it seemed to bring out the statuesque regularity of her features and show them in all the purity of their perfect outlines.

An expression of elevated repose rested on every line—of repose won through bitter suffering, but only the more sublime for that. No eye could dwell on Inez Lopez without returning again and again to scan her noble lineaments, and try to understand the story that serene, yet saddened face, so plainly told.

A Brussels carpet, of delicate hues softly blended together, covered the centre of the marble floor; and on two cushions placed on the balcony in front of the window, on which the sun was shining, reposed an ancient poodle and a brindled cat.

Bijjir and Don Bobtail had been the companions of all Inez' wanderings; and the former had evidently fallen into the "sere and yellow leaf" of canine existence.

After spending a few months in Paris, Inez had travelled to Rome with some friends she had made; Father Espana came there to reside, and through his efforts she obtained permission to assume the dress of a lay Sister of Charity, without taking on herself any vows beyond obedience to the Church, and a pledge to use her ample resources for the benefit of the suffering people that swarmed everywhere within the ancient capital of the Cæsars.

Beautiful was the unselfish and devoted life she led. She made her weekly rounds among her pensioners; visited the hospitals; read and prayed with the sick and dying; and in all respects was an angel of mercy to those among whom she had elected to cast her lot.

A few noble women, devoted like herself to works of charity, were her only associates, and very rarely did she leave her own home to visit them. Her heart was in her work, and only in ministering to others did she find that perfect content which is life's best blessing.

In one corner of the apartment, a small dais had been erected, on which was placed a chair of carved ivory surmounted by a cross, over which hung a wreath of immortelles; across the seat of this lay a strip of embroidery, from the centre of which gleamed the words:

"Sacred to the shade of the loved and lost!"

Before this shrine, at the same hour in which Inez had stood with Godfrey Fenton's mother beside his lifeless form, she daily knelt and prayed fervently for the repose of his soul.

Then the singular hallucination came to her that he appeared visibly before her, seating himself in the chair and smiling down on her the sweet assurance that her prayers were not in vain; and she went back to her labors comforted and encouraged, to bear meekly the heavy cross that had been laid upon her.

This may have been madness; but, if it was, Inez derived strength and consolation from it, and no other evidence of unsoundness of mind could be found in her life or actions.

A door on one side of the apartment was suddenly opened, and a fat, comfortable-looking woman came in, carrying in her hand a small tray on which a cup of cocoa was placed, and beside it lay a sealed letter. The face of Mrs. Perkins radiated with delight as she said:

"Here is something better than the cocoa for you, Miss Inez. This letter is from Mrs. Langley. It bears the Naples postmark, and I am sure she will soon be here now."

A faint gleam of color came for an instant to the cheek of Inez, but she broke the seal of the missive with that quiet calmness which had become the rule of her life. After glancing over its contents, she said:

"You are right, Jane. The whole party was to set out for the Holy City immediately, and they may be in Rome now. Mrs. Langley knows my address, and she will come to me as soon after she arrives as possible. I have no wish to see any other member of the party, but if I can detain her with me a few days, I shall be very glad. The room I ordered to be prepared for her is quite ready, I believe."

"Oh yes, ma'am. It has been ready ever since you heard she was coming. But I'll go in and put fresh flowers in the vases, and tidy up every thing again. It'll be a blessed privilege to hear my own tongue spoke again, for the furrin lingo I listen to here does try my ears."

"I am sure you always speak English with me, Jane, and you have learned to understand the people here very well."

"Oh yes, ma'am, I can sputter away at their jargon so they know what *I* mean too; but it aint like hearing my own people talk in the tongue I learned in old Long Island."

"Do you wish to go back there, Jane? Because if you do, as necessary as you are to me, I will not be so selfish as do detain you near myself, if you are not perfectly contented to remain. Should you desire it, you can avail yourself of this opportunity to return to the United States."

Mrs. Perkins flushed, and hastily exclaimed:

"Leave you, Miss Inez! do you think that I could do such a thing as that? I'd rather never hear another word of English spoken than go away from you. I'd rather talk the 'talian gibberish even to *you* than go back and never see you again. Don't talk that way, child, for you know that I wouldn't give you up for any thing in this world."

"I truly believe that, Jane, and I only said what I did to try you. I was writing to Mrs. Langley when you came in, but now it will be useless to go on. I think I will go out and walk on the terrace awhile."

She drank a portion of the cocoa, put on a black hood that screened her face from the sun, and went out beneath the shadows of the clustering trees to quell the excitement the thought of meeting any one connected with the painful past had awakened.

A few hours later, calm and serene as if no earthly emotion had ever ruffled her soul, Inez stood upon the terrace when she saw the carriage containing Mrs. Langley stopped, to welcome her to the home she had made for herself among a strange people.

The friend came alone, for she understood that a meeting with any of her travelling companions would be painful to the recluse. She sprang from the vehicle, bounded up the flight of marble steps, and clasping Inez to her breast, exclaimed:

"How glad I am to see you once again! and how well you are looking! I declare, Inez, the peace of heaven seems to have settled on your face."

"It has found an abiding place in my heart, which is better," was the gentle reply. "I am most happy to welcome you to my home, Mrs. Langley, and I hope to make it so pleasant to you that you will linger with me a few days. Your other friends can spare you for a season to one so lonely as I am."

"Oh yes, they can, or they shall, which is the same thing. They can do well enough without me for a while, and I intended, when I came, to remain till to-morrow at least. I have brought my satchel with me, and am prepared for every emergency."

"So much the better. Send the driver back with a message telling them not to expect you so soon as that. Now I have you with me, I intend to detain you as long as I possibly can."

A few lines were hastily written and sent back to the hotel to Denham, informing him of Mrs. Langley's intended stay; and the two ladies sat down to a delicious supper, served in Mrs. Perkins' best style, for she was housekeeper and provider for the small yet elegant establishment of her young mistress.

A cordial greeting passed between herself and the newly-arrived guest; and, after Mrs. Perkins had attended to her evening duties, she came in and sat down near the two ladies, listening to the pleasant sounds of her own language, and occasionally joining in the conversation with the respectful familiarity of an old and faithful dependent.

On that first evening of re-union, they talked mostly of the past; but Inez also gave a sketch of her adventures since she left America. She spoke of her present life as so consonant to her tastes and wishes; she looked so calm and perfectly at peace while she did so, that her mercurial friend was constrained to believe her, though she could scarcely understand how Inez had attained to such serene composure of soul after the tempestuous experience of other days.

On the following morning, soon after breakfast, a small open carriage was driven to the door, in which the two ladies took their places. Inez drove herself, while the lad in attendance perched himself on the seat behind. She had promised to take Mrs. Langley on one of her daily rounds, that she might understand the life she led, and more fully appreciate the sources of consolation she had found.

They drove into the narrow streets in which the wretched and destitute congregate; visited houses in which suffering and death were found—and, in all, Inez was known and welcomed as the saving evangel of those perishing creatures. Aid, both material and spiritual, was afforded; and she left the recipients of her bounty, loaded by them with blessings spoken in the impassioned language of their land.

They then visited the principal hospitals, to the officers of which Inez was known, and by whom she and her friend were treated with marked respect.

When they were again together in the little sitting-room at the palazzo, Mrs. Langley sighed softly and said:

"I see that you have indeed devoted your life to good works, Inez; but it seems to me that you were intended for something better than making yourself a minister of good to others."

"What could be better?" asked Inez.

"I don't exactly mean *better*, but—but for something that would afford you a personal object in life. Is your heart so wedded to that sad past that you have lost all desire for such things as usually form the happiness of our earthly existence? Pardon me, my dear, if I wound you; but you know that I am blunt by nature, and I must speak openly of what moves me at the moment."

"You do not wound me, dear friend; but I thought, after our morning's experience, you would understand that I have found my life-work, and am happy in performing it. 'The poor you have always with you,' said the divine Master, and I am trying to act up to the precepts he gave us. Your last question I will answer frankly. I am dead to earthly love as women understand it. My heart is buried in that far-away grave, and yonder chair is the mausoleum I have consecrated to the sacred past. Kneeling before it, I daily commune with the spirit of him who is gone, and this visionary being is dearer to me than any living presence can ever again become. Women marry every day, and fulfil the duties of wife and mother; then why should you grudge to the poor one who is willing to devote all the energies of her being to the alleviation of their woes? I have found my niche, and I intend to remain in it, though I think you are mistaken in believing me superior to the lot I have chosen. With my views, I consider no vocation more exalted."

"I acknowledge that, yet I cannot bear to see you a minister of grace to others, while none minister in their turn to you."

"There you are mistaken. I daily find my reward in more ways than you think. God has been very good to me; for in place of the yearning desire to secure my own happiness, he has given me peace in seeking to promote that of others. Can you not see for yourself that I have found it?"

"I see upon your brow the light of the angel spirit within, and I, in my worldliness, will say no more to disturb it. Go on your way, Inez, scattering blessings as you pass, for I feel that the spirit of Christ, the Redeemer of men, is indeed with you."

Inez kissed her and fervently replied:

"I trust that it is. I have striven to find the true comforter, and I believe that he has been sent to me. But you are tired with our long jaunt, and I will leave you to rest awhile before dinner is served."

Three days passed away, and Mrs. Langley found that Inez led by no means an idle life. Besides her visits to the houses of the poor, at stated hours she received applicants for advice or assistance, and few were turned from her door without receiving aid of some kind.

She had collected a good library together, and was engaged in the study of Italian literature. Her knowledge of Spanish and Latin had enabled her to master the language in a short time, and she now not only spoke well the golden Tuscan, but understood the *patois* of the common people.

Inez was at that time reading Danté in the original, and she gave her own translations of some of its grandest and most terrific portions, which Mrs. Langley preferred to any version of the great Italian poet with which she was familiar.

On the last evening of the visitor's stay, Inez asked with some hesitation:

"Do you think it will be painful to Mrs. Fenton to see me? I have a yearning desire to look upon the woman who bears that name, though, if I understood you aright, she did not willingly assume it."

"I am as certain she did not as I am sure she did not love him. I think that Opal will be gratified to see you. She knows the whole of Godfrey's story as connected with yourself. I told the poor child, because she was breaking her heart over the impossibility of mourning his loss as she believed she should. I will further tell you that Opal and my brother have long loved each other; and I am sure that when she gave her hand to Godfrey to please her father, she preferred Guy before him. But she was too young to know what she was doing; now they understand each other; and if my brother could only clear himself from the accusation of being Godfrey's assassin, they would be united at once. I will inform Opal of your wish to see her, and bring her with me the next time I come."

"Thank you; only let me know beforehand, that I may prepare myself to receive her calmly. I do hope that the cloud will be cleared from Mr. Denham's name and all end happily for them."

"I hope so indeed; but unless that wretched girl finds the doom she merits, and has time for confession before she goes to meet the reward of her crime, Guy must always bear its stigma, save in the minds of those who know how noble and true he is. What shall I say to Aunt Gertrude for you? Perhaps she may wish to see you."

Inez hastily replied:

"No, no—I cannot see Mrs. Markland again; it would be too painful. I think she will understand my feelings and will herself shrink from opening old wounds by a meeting with me."

"Perhaps you are right. I will bring Opal hither, and I know that Guy will wish to see you once at least before we leave Rome."

"When you come to bid me farewell you may bring Mr. Denham with you, but not before."

Inez accompanied her guest to the door of the hotel in which her friends had taken up their quarters, and then returned to the seclusion of her own home, brighter and happier for the pleasant days they had passed together; but she was conscious of no wish to break through the uniform tenor of her life and return to the world she had virtually renounced.

Opal listened with deep interest to the account Mrs. Langley gave of her visit, and so great a desire to see the young saint she described was awakened in her heart, that she herself asked if it would not be possible to induce Inez to receive her. Mrs. Langley hastened to say:

"For once my eloquence has had its due effect, for I have been trying to arouse just such a desire in your mind. Inez requested me to bring you to visit her. She has no jealous feeling toward you, for she knows that you never really rivalled her in the heart of Godfrey. The poor child insists that he comes back to her in spirit and assures her that he loves her still, although he has passed the portals of the grave. Impossible as such a thing is, the hallucination consoles her, and I could not find it in my heart to combat the visionary belief."

"It would have been cruel to attempt such a thing. It is settled then that I can go with you when you make your next visit."

Two days later Mrs. Langley sent a note to Inez warning her that on the following evening she would come to her, accompanied by Opal. She prepared for them a little feast of fruit and wine, and then awaited their arrival with that serene composure which had become the habit of her mind in the years of self-discipline through which she had passed.

When the carriage drove up to the entrance, she went out to receive them, took Opal in her arms and tenderly kissed her, and then ushered them into the house.

The eyes of Inez wandered occasionally to the fair face of her guest, but she did not make her uncomfortable by looking too closely at her, and a stranger would never have imagined that there was anything peculiar in the relations of these two beautiful women toward each other.

Opal was the more embarrassed of the two, but she soon shook the feeling off and conversed with her usual freedom and ease. The graceful vivacity of her manner evidently charmed her hostess, and with a sigh she thought it had been by no means a difficult thing for her fickle lover to be sufficiently fascinated by this attractive creature to consent to gratify his mother's wishes without doing any great violence to his own feelings.

But Inez did not resent that now. Fenton's tragic end had atoned for all the wrong he had committed both against herself and her unwilling rival.

The fruits were enjoyed, the wine tasted, and then the gathering shades of twilight warned the visitors that it was time to depart. Inez took the hand of Opal in her own and said:

"I am glad to have met with you, Mrs. Fenton. You bear the name I once thought would have been my own, but you are more than worthy to do so. That you may yet exchange it for that of the man you prefer, is my most earnest prayer. God can bring good out of evil, and to Him will I carry my petitions to sweep away the clouds that dim your horizon and give you that happiness you both deserve to win."

"If, as we are told, 'the prayers of the righteous availeth much,' I am sure that yours will be answered. I shall feel as if an angel is interceding at the throne of grace for me and mine," and Opal bent forward and kissed Inez on cheeks and lips.

The two did not meet again during her stay in Rome, though Mrs. Langley went constantly to the secluded house of the young recluse, and spent with her every hour she could spare from other engagements.

Our travellers saw the illumination of St. Peters; listened to the chanting of the wonderful *Miserere*; and visited every object of interest in and around the city. Their sojourn lasted till the latter days of May, and then they began to turn their thoughts toward their native land, with a yearning desire to behold its hills and valleys again.

On the evening before their departure, Denham went with his sister to visit Inez, and bid her farewell. She received him with grateful sweetness, conversed with him freely and earnestly of her plans and occupations, and when he left, Denham was impressed with the conviction that she had found the true sphere for which nature had designed her, and was happy in the lot she had chosen.

On parting she took his hand and said:

"You were kind and thoughtful for me, when I sorely needed a friend, Mr. Denham, and I shall never forget it. Unlikely as such a thing seems, chance may throw into my hands the power to serve you; and I need scarcely say that I shall most eagerly avail myself of it, should such a thing happen. I trust that all will yet be well with you, and love and peace dwell together in the home you will yet be able to make for yourself."

"Thank you, and God bless you for that kind wish, Miss Lopez," replied Denham, and he followed his weeping sister into the carriage and was borne away.

Mrs. Langley wiped away her tears, and said:

"Is it not a shame that such a being as that should be lost to society? to the friends who would so tenderly cherish her!"

"My dear Anna," he gently replied, "she has found what is better for own contentment in the lot she has chosen. A life so active for good must be twice blessed. As to myself, I feel as if I had been holding communion with an angel."

On the following day they left Rome. At one of the seaport towns they embarked on a steamer for England, and the summer months were spent in travelling through that country and Scotland. In the early part of September they set sail for New York, at which port they arrived after a pleasant sea-voyage.

After a few weeks sojourn there, our travellers went by rail to Cincinnati, descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and once more stood upon the soil of their native State.

Then the three families were again settled in their respective homes, the old habits of social intercourse were resumed, and a day seldom passed without a meeting between Opal and Denham.

No lover-like words were ever exchanged between them, but both felt that they were not needed. In many quiet ways the strong attachment that bound them in one common bond was evinced, and although Opal became a belle, and, distinguished member of the circle in which she moved, never for a moment had her lover cause to doubt the singleness and purity of her devotion to himself.

Time glided on, yet no vindication of Denham's name came, to render their union possible, and he began to despair of such a result; though Opal never lost her faith that in the good providence of God he would yet be cleared from all complicity in the crime of which many still believed him guilty, and be able to claim her hand.

Four years were added to those they spent in Europe, and it was now more than seven years since Godfrey Fenton met his fate, and yet that event to all save Denham and his sister seemed as mysterious as ever.

They alone possessed the clue, yet they forbore to proclaim the truth for the sake of the girl they so tenderly loved.

Opal, in the full maturity of womanhood, was more beautiful, more lovable than ever; with gentle firmness she maintained her right to independent action with reference to her own personal affairs, and, much as she was admired, her mother saw with pain and annoyance that she would permit none of her adorers to approach her in the character of a wooer.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HOG CHOLERA: A CERTAIN CURE.

BY FRED. S. COZZENS.

A gentleman residing in Columbia county, New York, whose indefatigable love of scientific farming has already used up three farms, (he is now upon the fourth,) gave us some valuable information in regard to preventing this fatal disease. "Feed your hogs upon soft-shell crabs, and they will never succumb to it," said he. At first we were incredulous that so simple and obvious a cure had never been hit upon before, but he assured us that it was entirely original with him. Let us state in the first place that his scientific acquirements in relation to Porciculture are as famous as those of the Duke of Bedford, whom Sydney Smith eulogises thus in his "Lecture on the Beautiful:"

"Go to the Duke of Bedford's piggery at Woburn, and you will see a breed of pigs with legs so short, that their stomachs trail upon the ground; a breed of animals *entombed in their own fat*, overwhelmed with prosperity, success, and farina. No animal could possibly be so disgusting if it were not useful; but a breeder, who has accurately attended to the small quantity of food it requires to swell the pig out to such extraordinary dimensions—the astonishing *genius it displays for obesity, and the laudable propensity of the flesh to desert the cheap regions of the body, and agglomerate on those parts which are worth ninepence a pound*, such an observer of its utility does not scruple to call these otherwise hideous quadrupeds—*a beautiful race of pigs*."

Our friend, who has gone through with all the famous breeds of pigs imported into this country—the Suffolks and the Norfolks, the Wiltshires and the Warwickshires; the Welsh pig, and the Fenian pig; the Westphalian pig, and the Sandwich Island pig—has finally decided that there is no name so glorious in porciculture as that of "Bedford." So he has spent a small fortune in importing choice specimens of this famous race. He introduced us, the other day, to some members of this aristocratic family. "This is the Empress of China, sir, a fine sow, and an excellent breeder; this is the King of Dahomey, an elegant animal; here is Queen Victoria—see what a nice litter she has; and here is my favorote of them all, the Duchess of Sutherland, as fine a sow as can be found in America: all imported, sir; I will show you Count Bismarck, and Lord John Russell, sir, in a few minutes; walk this way."

Our friend is no mean fancier of fine horses and cattle. His stable is large, and his trotting-horses are excellent roadsters. As for his cows, nothing less than "Alderney" will suit his turn of mind. "Just look at that bull, sir! two-years old; I raised him; he is worth $1,200. I call him Garibaldi, sir. And there *is* a calf, two months old! I would not take $500 for her." Indeed she was a beauty, with a beautiful skin as soft and bright as plush-velvet, and with large, pitiful eyes, reposing upon her bed of straw as indolent as an oriental princess in a harem.

But all these things are as blotting-paper balloons to our friend when compared with his pigs and piglets. It is easy to see that his whole heart is in them.

"I will tell you, sir, how I found out my remedy for hog cholera," he said. "I had lost a great many of my Bedfords by a disease which is, no doubt, the one described by the 'Gentleman Farmer,' and other papers. In the first place, the hogs lose their appetite. Now, when a hog loses his appetite, that is a bad symptom. You know, as a general thing, a hog has very little to do but to eat, and, when that desire is gone, he has scarcely any thing to occupy his mind. Of course he becomes desponding; he wanders around the sty as unhappy as the president of a small marine insurance company when all his risks are ashore on the Florida reefs, and he has to preside at a meeting of the stockholders of the company; finally, he gives it up, lays down, froths at the mouth, and in twenty minutes his mortal breath exhales. I had lost fifteen of my Bedfords from various litters in this way, the one-sixteenth of two litters, sir, survived, but he was beginning to lose his appetite. I had at this time six dozen of soft-shell crabs sent up to me from New York. My wife and daughters had been reading the London publications of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Now one half of these crabs exhibited some feeble signs of life, and my wife and daughters would not eat them, I mean to say, or cook them *alive*. They would no more eat them than they would eat a live oyster, sir! As for oysters—my wife says, 'give me pickled oysters, or even stewed, or fried, and I am content.' (She is delicate in her tastes, and she eats as many cooked oysters as any woman living;) but as for *raw oysters on the shell*, still throbbing with the instincts of life, she says, 'I could no more eat them than I could eat the tenderloin of an infant of our own species.' So with crabs; so with lobsters. A *live lobster*, a horrid creature, with claws and tail flapping, she would no more put into the boiling pot than she would implunge a Christian in the same element heated to 212° Fahrenheit. But a Boston lobster she admires, because *he was boiled beforehand*, and, besides, makes a magnificent salad. Well, sir, as my wife and daughters would not eat *live soft-shell crabs*, I took them to my Bedford pig, whose appetite was gone dead. He fed on them voraciously, and he recovered! Need I say more? Accident placed, sir, in my hands the remedy for hog cholera. Now, sir, here is your formula, and many a patient has paid more for a prescription from his family physician. But look at the immense saving, sir. An imported pair of Bedfords will cost at least $600. Of course, the litter they produce are worth as much as the original, say $100 a piece. Now, sir, if you lose two litters, as I did, you lose the value of fifteen pigs at $100 each; in other words, $1,500. Now, sir, soft shell crabs are worth only the trifling sum of $2 a dozen. Three dozen to a pig, and you have $6 for each animal, or $90 for the whole fifteen. Ninety dollars from fifteen hundred leaves a clear gain of fourteen hundred and ten dollars profit to the hog fancier. Can anything be more clear?" We ventured to suggest that the keep of the porcine multitude might amount to something. "Not at all, sir; it does not amount to anything. They are light feeders, sir; they only consume one-half of what the common American swine does; and, besides, as the original pair only cost six hundred dollars, all expenses of shipment included, and produce, on an average, seven and a half pigs, worth $300 each, or twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars, why, if you can raise them on soft shell crabs, without fear of the hog cholera, your fortune is made, sir." But we ventured to remark that perhaps there might be very few customers willing to pay $300 a piece for Bedford pigs. "Ah," said he, "all the fools are not dead yet. I paid $300 a piece for mine, and do you think I am the only hog fancier and gentleman farmer in these United States?"

REPAIRED.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I've done it!" sweet Jennie exclaimed, in a flutter,
'Twas all that she seemed to have power to utter;
"You've done it? well, there! I expected as much,
For nothing is safe that you venture to touch."

"It wasn't so bad," blushing Jennie declared,
'Twas only a fracture that might be repaired;
Indeed she'd been told it had often proved true,
That those that were mended were better than new.

"What nonsense! whatever is broken, I say,
Is just good for nothing, so toss it away;
You know very well that we've no room to spare,
In this house, for articles out of repair.

"Thank fortune, no money of mine has been spent
For mucilage, glue, or that 'diamond cement;'
'Tis 'pretty good care that makes pretty good luck,'
And better be broken than only half stuck.

"I made up my mind when that pitcher I boiled
In a gallon of milk, and the milk was all spoiled,
And the pitcher as well—that a lesson I'd had,
And I'd never send good money looking for bad."

"But if it was something you prized very much?"
Asked Jennie. "Well, accidents happen to such;
And I always find it an excellent plan,
To try and forget it as fast as I can."

"Forget it? how could I?—that's easily said;
I'd rather remember the treasure instead;
And in future I mean to take excellent care,
That it never gets hopelessly out of repair."

"You talk like a goose! if you've let the thing fall,
Pray what has the future to do with it all?
Be careful, of course, but I tell you outright,
I won't have the patched-up old thing in my sight.

"I heard the report; there's no doubt in the case;
Not an atom is left of that beautiful vase."
"The vase!" exclaimed Jennie, with agonized start,
"Oh, mother! I'm talking of Lemuel's heart!"

"Indeed!"—"Yes, he said it was breaking in twain,
That it never would be in condition again,
Unless I would promise to take it for good,
And I had to consent—lest some one else should."

'What a stupid I am! not to guess what you meant;
And to talk about mucilage, glue, and cement!"
"Here's Lemuel coming?"—"Ah, well! I declare,
These hearts are the easiest things to repair."

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXXIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

THE TROJAN.

The causes which led to our Last War with England were many and all-sufficient. Ever since the close of the American Revolution, which close was so humbling to Great Britain, that nation had been lying in wait, like an assassin at night, ready to take advantage of any trouble that might come upon us to weaken us. At one time, during the darkest days of our finances, she looked to see these States split asunder by intestine quarrel; and when, through the wisdom and sagacity of that noble galaxy of statesmen who directed our public affairs, she was disappointed in this, she turned her attention to inciting the Indians to make ravage upon our frontiers.

But as our sketches are of the sea we will confine ourselves to the causes that lay in that direction.

Among the first of England's unjust and wicked burdens put upon our commerce were her "Orders in Council," of 1793, which were deeply intensified during the succeeding November. It will be remembered that England was at that time in trouble with France; and she issued an order to her cruisers to seize and capture "all vessels laden with the produce of any of the colonies of France, or carrying provisions or supplies to said colonies!" As France was at that time in possession of some of the most productive of the East Indian ports, of course these orders tended to sweep our commerce from the ocean.

By and by another vexatious system of outrage was commenced, which finally grew to be such a national evil as to be past endurance. Great Britain is the only civilized nation, professing to recognize the claims of maritime law, who have not always held that the FLAG protects the person who sails under it. At first England claimed, and exercised, the privilege of searching our merchant vessels for deserters from her service. Her next step was, to claim all native born Englishmen found on board our merchantmen. And, finally, English cruisers, acting under orders, stopped American vessels anywhere upon the high seas, and took therefrom every man who could not prove on the spot that he was not an Englishman! In Heaven's name, think of it! And mark this: When expostulated with by our minister, England said that we had no right to hire her subjects to serve on board our vessels; and yet she said this directly in the face and eyes of the fact that at that very time there was no nation in the world with so many foreigners in its maritime service as there were in hers. She was obliged to employ them. She could not have sailed her ships without. And when asked how she would explain the seeming inconsistency, her government very coolly looked our minister, Mr. Adams, in the face, and answered, that *she was fighting against heavy odds for her very existence, and was forced to hire them!*

This outrageous practice was carried to such an extent that many merchants feared to send their vessels to sea; and the safety of heavy ships which had been overhauled by English cruisers was often endangered by there not being seamen enough left on board to handle them. England pitched for Yankee sailors because she had found them to be the best seamen in the world; and it was said, by those who were not only capable of judging, but who enjoyed excellent opportunities for observation and investigation, that at one time *there were at least* SEVEN THOUSAND *American seamen in the English service against their wills!* England must certainly have presumed upon the belief that the American people were in such a condition at home—so poor, and so divided among themselves—that they would not dare to throw down the gauntlet of war. But England did not know the temper of this young Nation. And there was one other thing which probably entirely escaped her consideration: The American seamen, as a class, were better men than were her seamen. They were more intelligent; they had been reared in an atmosphere of democracy; and most of them looked forward to the time when they should be officers in command. Such men could not be held in servitude without feeling the iron eat into their souls; and the spirit of revenge which they conceived while under the yoke they freely breathed to their countrymen when they regained their native land. And those were the men—those thousands of impressed seamen—who manned the scores of private armed vessels that did so much towards bringing the proud banner of England down from its vaunting height, and driving her commerce from the ocean.

And here let me say that not many are aware how many of those private armed vessels there were. Within ten months after Congress began to issue Letters of Marque and Reprisal, there was not an ocean nor any considerable sea where the snowy wings of the Yankee Privateer were not spread to the breeze.

To cap the climax of our humiliation—for there was yet more needed to bring the timid ones up to their duty—the attack on the Chesapeake occurred. This vessel was suddenly attacked, in our own waters, in a time of peace, by a British man-of-war, and quite a number of seamen were forcibly taken from her!

There were other indignities—other outrages,—but I need not stop to cite them. They are matters of history, and the reader cannot miss them if he has the mind to search and read. Suffice it for me to say that England kept on her unaccountable course towards our people—unaccountable in the light of Christian civilization—and that it was a common saying with those who gave direction to the wickedness, "*Pooh! America can't be kicked into a war!*"

Finally, the Government of the United States found itself in a position where it must declare war, or forever step down from the plane of self-sustaining nations and hide its head in shame; all this, and then, on the 17th of June, 1812, Congress, sitting with closed doors, considered President Madison's War Message, and adopted it. On the day following, the news was given to the public, and on the 19th, war with Great Britain was officially and publicly declared.

It is not my province to follow any further the general subject of the war. You all know that, though upon the land, at first, our arms did not succeed, yet upon the sea—in that arena where England had claimed to be the mistress supreme—our flag flashed at once into a blaze of glory, and our navy soon became a power to be feared by an enemy, and to be respected by the nations everywhere.

Through the Summer of this year (1812) I helped my mother a part of the time, and a part



I worked for Mr. Grey, at Salem, engaged mostly in overhauling the rigging of his ships that were now laid up in idleness. During the latter part of September news reached us of the capture of the British frigate Guerriere by the Constitution under Capt. Hull. Enthusiasm was at fever heat. Very shortly intelligence of other naval victories came, and I, for one, could hardly contain myself. O, if I could only ship on board one of those successful ships I should be happy.

Dear Reader, I was not moved thus chiefly by the spirit of vengeance in memory of personal injuries. No, no,—far from it. I had a deeper, purer sentiment underlying my action. I was an American seaman, as my father had been before me, and I was anxious to overcome and humble that power which had insulted our flag and almost entirely destroyed our commerce.

In this frame of mind was I one day while at work setting up the mizzen-backstays of a small ship that Mr. Grey thought of loading with a cargo for Savannah. I had just put on the last bit of seizing, and was wondering if the old Constitution frigate would come into Boston harbor ere long, when I felt a hand upon my shoulder. I turned and beheld Capt. Matthews.

The old *Naumkeag* had arrived at home in the Spring, and had delivered her cargo in safety; and if I have not spoken of it before, I will say now, that the meeting between the crew of the old ship and Fiddy and myself was a warm and interesting one.

Capt. Matthews, looking the same brave, generous man as ever, stood by my side. I knew he had been busy about something, and once I had asked him what it was; but as he hesitated about answering, I never asked him again, supposing he might, after sailing so many years, have private business to attend to.

"Becket," said he, "are you very busy just now?"

I told him no. I had got my last stay set up, and I could do no more without the riggers.

"Then come with me," he added. "I wish to show you a vessel we have launched this forenoon. I have been fitting her in one of Mr. Grey's ship-houses, so that the prying eyes of the passers-by have not set rattling tongues upon us. But come. My beauty is afloat now, and I want your opinion of her."

With a vague idea of the truth—an idea, vague as it was, that sent the warm blood leaping unwontedly through my system—I followed Capt Matthews up the wharf—followed him over to the opposite water-side, where the ship-houses were, and there I saw what the captain would show me. A thing of beauty it was, I saw at a glance; and further examination revealed as follows:

A full-rigged brig, of something over two hundred tons burden—perhaps nearer three—the masts just raking enough to give the utmost power of support to shrouds and stays, and to give to the sails the best possible position, or fit, for trimming to advantage. Her sides were painted black, the only relief being a blood-red stripe just above the channels. Her deck was flush fore and aft; and a whiter, prettier deck I never saw; her sides were pierced for eight guns—four upon each side—and they were already mounted. They were ordinary 18-pounders, worked upon carriages of the most substantial kind and perfect workmanship. But that part of the armament which caused my eyes to sparkle were two long twelve-pounders—one upon the poop, and one upon the forecastle. I have said that the brig's deck was flush fore and aft, and I meant by that that she had no cabin aft, or topgallant forecastle forward; but the poop and forecastle were both raised sufficiently to allow these two guns to discharge their shot above the rail. As the tarpaulins were thrown from these brass pieces, and the sunbeams leaped and danced upon their polished surfaces, I fairly cried out in my ecstasy of delight. Compared with the staid and corpulent iron guns in the waist, they looked like golden fairies, set there to inspire men with enthusiasm. Long and slender, of faultless proportions, with extra bands of triple brass around the breech, and with no useless ornament,—they were simply magnificent. And, then, the revolving carriages upon which they stood were masterpieces of workmanship. The lower carriage or bed-piece was fixed upon a swivel at the forward part, while the after-part rested upon two transverse brass trucks that traversed an entire circle upon a polished brass track or circular rail; while the gun itself was trunnioned upon a second bed that was allowed a sliding motion backward and forward upon the first, and the ease with which the gun might slide was fixed by means of stout screws. Thus the piece had opportunity to recoil—a very essential privilege to be granted a gun when firing solid shot.

The riggers were busy fitting running-rigging, and I saw the canvas in a shed close by ready for bending.

"Well, Becket, what d'ye think of her?" asked Matthews.

"I think," said I, seriously, "she'll either be to me a blessed thing of joy, or else she'll be the death of me."

"Eh, Beck.? would it grieve you so much, if you could not go in her?"

"Are YOU going?" I asked.

He told me yes.

"Then," said I, "I must go, even if I go as a landsman."

And then Capt. Matthews told me that he had counted upon me from the start. Mr. Grey had furnished most of the money for the purchase and fittingup of the brig, and she was to be manned mostly by men who had sailed in his ships.

I hurried home, and told my mother what had happened, and what I proposed to do. Had this come upon her suddenly, she might have been completely overcome; but I had been for months preparing her for this very step on my part; and, now that the time had come, she bowed her head, and tearfully gave me her blessing. She had considerable patriotism—had my mother; and when she was made to see that her son might help to sustain the honor and integrity of her country, she said to me:

"Go, Becket, and while you hold back from rash and needless exposure, do no act that can plant its memory as a sting in your conscience or cause you to hang your head in shame. Go! and may God's own hand sustain you, His divine wisdom guide you, and His great love bless and preserve you!"

I was so light-hearted and so jubilant that the younger members of the family could not be sad; so I got away with only kisses and smiles, and no tears. I had reached the brow of the hill, beyond which my eyes would be shut away from the old house, and there I turned to take one more look. I saw the group at the front door; but there was one missing. Where was my mother? I looked upward towards the windows. The window of the attic, of a small bedroom neatly finished off from the great rambling garret, was open, and I distinctly saw a form by the bed. I was upon an elevation above that point, and the light reflected by the thick foliage of the great old sycamore was so peculiar that I could distinguish objects in that attic as plainly as though they had been close to me. But it was a simple scene—only my mother upon her knees, her hands clasped upon her bosom, and her face turned heavenward! A simple scene! and I was to be ever fresh and operative with me. In the darkest hour, when death held high carnival of horror all around me, I was to behold it as plainly as on that grassy hill-side I stood and viewed it; and the thought was to be with me, to nerve and to sustain—there may be Heavenly heed to my mother's prayer!

On Friday, of the first week in October, our brig, named THE TROJAN, was ready for sea, with her crew all on board. Most of the old *Naumkeag's* crew were there. George Matthews was captain; Charles Sanborn was first officer; LaFayette Colver was second officer. On board the ship Colver had been supercargo; but he was a good sailor, and one of the coolest and bravest men in times of danger that I ever saw. He was just the man for that place. For third officer we had a new man, but he was an old friend of mine, and his mother's house had ever been to me like a home. His name was John Read. He was a young man, but an excellent seaman, and as brave as need be. The other officers I will introduce as there is need. At present suffice it for me to say, that we had ninety men in all—a strong crew, surely; but none too many. In case of engaging two or three small vessels, where we might need to man all the guns, we should find use for every hand.

On the day before we sailed Capt. Endicot, of the *Dolphin*, arrived at Salem with two of the enemy's vessels as prizes; and he informed Matthews that two heavy English brigs, laden with valuable cargoes—principally munitions of war,—under convoy of a small-sized sloop-of-war, were on their way from England to the Bermudas. He had been informed of this by one of his prisoners, and he was confident that the man had stated correctly. He could not himself get off in season to intercept them; but he thought we might if we had good wings, and knew how to make use of them.

A sloop-of-war and two merchant brigs! Mercy! how we worked on board the TROJAN. Capt. Endicot had, in about five weeks, captured fifteen of the enemy's vessels;* so there certainly was a probability that we might do something. As for our setting forth to attack a sloop-of-war in the outset, it must be borne in mind that the second-class corvettes of England were not very heavy ships; and, furthermore, we placed great reliance upon our brass guns, as will be explained anon.

Early in the morning we were off, fortunately with a fair wind; and when we had fairly got outside we found that our brig could run off ten knots without a studding-sail, and without holding a very taut sheet, either. Before noon we were all in love with her, feeling the utmost confidence in her ability to run away from any danger with which it would be useless to cope. She answered her helm very quickly, and rode over the breaking seas upon a bowline with a dry deck.

Capt. Matthews and Mr. Sanborn sat down to the chart and marked out what would have been their course from the mouth of St. George's Channel to Bermuda at that season of the year, and going upon the supposition that the Englishmen would follow about the same course, they regulated the course of the brig accordingly. Their plan was to steer for the Bermudas, but to strike the other track as far north as possible; and then, if they did not hit the enemy there, they could work off to the northward and eastward in search.

We sailed on Saturday, the 3d of October. On Wednesday, the 7th, we had struck the track of the English vessels bound for Bermuda. Our captain stamped his foot with impatience. Which way should he turn? Had the convoy and her charge gone in, or were——"

"SAIL-HO!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead."

That was at half-past nine o'clock in the forenoon. At half-past ten we had made out a ship and two brigs, and in twenty minutes more, I, who had a glass at the foretopmast-head, knew the ship to be a second-class sloop-of-war, and the others to be two heavily-laden merchant brigs.

No more doubt—no more chafing; but with radiant face, Capt. Matthews directed the powder-passers to look to their stations, and the gunners to see that their pieces were in readiness. The small arms were brought out and distributed, and the men were exhorted to keep cool, and to remember that they had something more than prize-money at stake.

With me there was no fear. I had been through the ordeal, and I speak truly when I say that I was only eager to open that brass gun at the bows upon the sloop-of-war. But there were others who had never been in battle; others?—aye, by far the greater portion of them were new to scenes of blood. I glanced up and down the deck, and I saw them pale and quiver, and I saw their fingers clutch at their clothing with painful, nervous unrest. But I knew it would not be so long. I knew that the smell of burning powder, and the sight of a dying shipmate, would change them as if by magic.

A dying shipmate! Aye, in all probability there must be one—and who should it be? It might be——

And there the uninitiated claps a stopper upon his meditations and tries to feel brave.

* Shortly after this Capt. Endicot had the misfortune to be captured by an English squadron under Commodore Broke; but as it was proved that he had ever been extremely kind to all prisoners he had ever taken, he was treated honorably as a prisoner of war.

"THE WOMAN QUESTION."

I have been sitting here enjoying a quiet laugh all by myself, over a pile of newspapers and magazines, in which the "Woman Question" was aired according to the differing views of editors, and writers. One gentleman thinks, that the reason the men take a nap on the sofa evenings at home, or else leave it to go to naughty places, is because there are no Madame De Stael's in our midst to make home attractive. He was, probably, a bachelor, or he would understand that when a man who has been perplexed and fretted all day, finally reaches home, the last object he wishes to encounter is a wide-awake woman of the Madame De Stael pattern, propounding her theories on politics, theology and literature. The veriest idiot who should entertain him by the hour with tragic accounts of broken tea-cups, and saucepans, would be a blessing compared to her; not that he would like that either; not that he would know himself exactly what he *would* like in such a case, except that it should be something diametrically opposite to that, which years ago he got on his knees to solicit.

Another writer asserts that women's brains are too highly cultivated at the present day; and that they have lost their interest in the increase of the census; and that their husbands, not sharing their apathy, hence the disastrous result. I might suggest in answer that this apathy may have its foundation in the idea so fast gaining ground—thanks to club-life, and that which answers to it in a less fashionable strata of society—that it is an indignity to expect fathers of families to be at home, save occasionally to sleep, or eat, or to change their apparel; and that, under such circumstances, women naturally prefer to be the mother of four children, or none, than to engineer seventeen or twenty through the perils of childhood and youth without assistance, co-operation, or sympathy.

Another writer thinks that women don't "smile" enough when their husbands come into the house; and that many a man misses having his shirt, or drawers, taken from the bureau and laid on a chair all ready to jump into, at some particular day, or hour, as he was accustomed, when he lived with some pattern sister or immaculate aunt at home. This preys on his manly intellect, and makes life the curse it is to him.

Another asserts that many women have some female friend who is very objectionable to the husband, in exerting a pugilistic effect on her mind, and that he flees his house in consequence of this unholy influence; not that this very husband wouldn't bristle all over at the idea of his wife's court-martialing a bachelor, or benedict friend, for the same reason; but then it makes a difference, you know, a man not being a woman.

Another writer asserts that nobody yet knows what woman is capable of doing. I have only to reply that the same assertion cannot be made with regard to men, as the dwellers in great cities, at least, know that the majority of them are capable of doing anything, that the devil and opportunity favor.

It has been a practice for years to father every stupid joke that travels the newspaper-round on "*Paddy*"—poor "Paddy." In the same way it seems to me that for every married man now, who proves untrue to his better nature, *his wife* is to be held responsible. It is the old cowardly excuse that the first man alive set going, and which has been travelling round this weary world ever since. "The woman thou gavest to be with me"—*she* did thus and so; and therefore all the Adams from that time down, have whimpered, torn their hair, and rushed forth to the long-coveted perdition, over the bridge of this cowardly excuse. FANNY FERN.

—Politeness is a summary of all the moral virtues; it is an assemblage of discretion, civility and circumspection to render to every one the duty he has a right to expect, and to adorn all our words and actions, with grace and affability. It is the offspring of a well-directed mind, possessing itself, and being master of its own sentiments; that loves to do justice to every one, and to sacrifice its own interest rather than to injure that of others; that disregards the clamor of vulgar opinion, and requires not an explanation upon every trifling or equivocal expression.

BUT AND NO.—"*But*," is to me a more detestable combination of letters than "*No*" itself. *No*, is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once. *But* is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptious sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips:

——————"It does allay
The good precedent;—fie upon *but yet!*
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor."

TRUTH AND HONOR.—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive is as the web of a gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word never.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HELEN AND GERTRUDE.—Your criticisms upon "man's inhumanity to woman" are to some extent true, but in the main they are wide of the mark. As a rule, in this country at least, women are well treated by men—even married men. Go where you will within the pale of respectable society, do you not, as a general thing, find woman more expensively dressed than her husband, father or brother? The value of a fashionable woman's diamonds (to say nothing of camel's hair shawls and point lace) would clothe all her broadcloth relatives for the term of their natural lives. To please whom are stately mansions built and furnished at an almost fabulous cost? Is it within the limits of probability that one man of wealth out of fifty would incur the expense and trouble of what is called a fashionable establishment to please himself? We think not. But there is a lady in the case, and looking upon her as the queen of his household, the "lord of creation" defers to her love of show. In all ranks of life, in this country at least, most of what there is of a sumptuary character about a man's home has been placed there, in at least three cases out of five, either at his wife's suggestion or to gratify her supposed wishes. There are "brutes," it is true, who don't consult their wives' tastes or whims at all, but they are exceptions to the general rule, and they have their just recompense of reward in the contempt of both sexes.

HATTIE.—In many respects, the *custom of a community* settles a question of politeness or impoliteness; so that an act that would be impolite in one community is sometimes quite proper in another. Furthermore, the politeness or impoliteness of specific acts is sometimes a matter of custom in different classes or ranks of society in the same community. Many things which would be perfectly polite, and "quite in the regular way," at a ball, or a fashionable *soirée*, would be shockingly improper at a "church festival," or a sewing-society meeting. The question which you ask, namely: "Would it be impolite for a gentleman to smoke while walking in the street with a lady, provided *she* had no objections?" comes under the category above-mentioned. It would depend on the custom of the community in which the parties lived, or of the class in society to which they belonged. In this city, one can see, and, in fact, can hardly help seeing, gentlemen of a certain class, and of undeniable reputation for politeness, smoking with ladies in the streets, and even when riding with them in carriages. On the other hand, in some classes in this city it is considered impolite to smoke in a lady's presence at all. Such being the case, each person must conform to the usages of his class, or of the community in which he lives.

R. E. A.—If you would get an elementary treatise on geometry, you could learn from it all about angles of every kind. An angle of ninety degrees is the angle formed by the intersection of a horizontal line by a perpendicular one. You can understand this, perhaps, by taking a map of either hemisphere in any common school geography or atlas, and drawing a line straight from the north pole to the south one. The line so drawn will intersect the equator, and the angle formed by the intersection will be an angle of ninety degrees, because it is ninety degrees from the equator to either pole. To make an angle of 45 degrees, you will then have to draw a line from such point of intersection to the circumference or edge of the hemisphere at the point marked as the forty-fifth parallel, or degree, of latitude, which would, of course, be just half way from the equator to the pole. In the same way you can make an angle of ten degrees, or twenty degrees, or any number of degrees up to ninety.

IGNORANCE.—It is strange that it had never occurred to you to offer your twenty-dollar interest-bearing United States note at some bank or store, and see if it would not pass current. That is the only way in which to test your friend's assertion that "nobody will take it now, because it became due on the 15th of last August, and was not presented at the United States Treasury at Washington on that day." The fact of its non-presentation on the day it became due, does not invalidate the note. You can probably sell it to any broker at a slight shave on its current value including interest up to August 15th. It is not likely that the Government will allow interest after that date; for, if it should, the holders of such notes, by omitting to present them when due, could convert a temporary interest-bearing loan into a perpetual one.

ANOTHER DISTRACTED MOTHER says she is a widow, and engaged to be married to a man several years her junior, but who is rich and handsome, and whom she devotedly loves. She also has a daughter (age unstated) to whom she is tenderly attached, who opposes her marriage point blank, and declares that if she persists in the matter she (the daughter) will quit the house and never speak to her or her husband as long as she lives. This puts the mother in a sore dilemma, and she knows not what to do, "for my daughter," she says, "will be sure to carry out her word, as she is very firm and set in her way. What ought I to do, in such a case?" You should do what, after mature reflection, your heart, conscience and judgment tell you to do. Nobody can decide such a purely personal matter for you. You must decide it for yourself.

N. P. S.—Wellington did not overcome Napoleon by superior generalship; but by the superior pluck, endurance, strength and tenacity of his troops. Napoleon, as well as some of his marshalls, could outgeneral Wellington, and manœuvre all around him; but that did no good, so long as the British troops would stand and take the French fire all day, and as night came on rally to a charge that was irresistible. Wellington could deploy his troops in line, and thus formed they would receive the charge of a French column without flinching, a thing which no other troops of the Old World could do; and a British square was absolutely impenetrable to the French, as was shown at Waterloo. These facts must be remembered when you estimate the character of Napoleon as a general.

MARIAN.—It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine beyond question the relative merits of Clay and Webster as orators. When speaking, Clay's animation, vehemence, and impassioned and commanding manner, gave a point, and force, and effect to his words which his thoughts and arguments alone, divested of his personality, never could have gained. Hence his speeches, which were *listened* to with delight and rapture, are seldom *read*. Webster, on the contrary, was calm and generally unimpassioned. He appealed to the reason, compelled conviction by the irresistible force of his logic, and carried the heart by his massive, finished eloquence; and, hence, his speeches are read with delight, and are declaimed by school-boys, and will live forever.

COLLEGIAN.—It is not discreet for a student, just commencing a four-years' collegiate course, to enter into an engagement of marriage to be consummated after he shall have taken his degree and established himself in life. He should wait till his collegiate days are over, and he has become somewhat experienced as to human affairs and human beings, before settling the most important matter of his whole life.

CARLOS.—When a gentleman is walking with a lady, and meets other ladies who are acquainted with his companion but not with him, to whom she bows and who bow to her in passing, he might with propriety bow to them also as a mere matter of courtesy and respect. But if he should choose to act as though he did not see the ladies thus met, he could do so, without giving offence.

OHIO.—It is never a good plan for a woman (or a man either, for that matter) to try to get in debt for the purpose of achieving some supposed future triumph which is to "emancipate her from the power of a domestic tyrant," &c. If your own family cannot help you, you should save up money enough for your purpose, little by little, and not apply to strangers for it.

SAILOR.—If you are really but sixteen years [illegible] and enlisted in the United States Navy witho[illegible] knowledge or consent of your parents, they c[illegible] ably obtain your discharge on making pro[illegible] cation to the Navy Department at Wash[illegible] your mother's uncle is a member of Con[illegible] represent, he could easily manage the [illegible]

PLAIN.—It would most certainly [illegible] you to enter into a correspondence [illegible] boarding-school *without* the know[illegible] of her parents, and it is not at al[illegible] enter into it *with* their consent. [illegible] at school should not be distur[illegible] the twaddling letters of a bo[illegible] of nineteen.

MAUDE.—If the young m[illegible] gaged does not know en[illegible] when walking with you, [illegible] hand, you should tell [illegible] ought to do on such o[illegible]

D. L. B.—Accord[illegible] the "Railway Guide," it is two hundred and n[illegible] miles from Portland to Montreal via the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada.

CHARLESTOWN.—Florida, or Cuba, or the island of Nassau, would be a pleasant winter resort for an invalid who cannot endure cold weather.

***Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*